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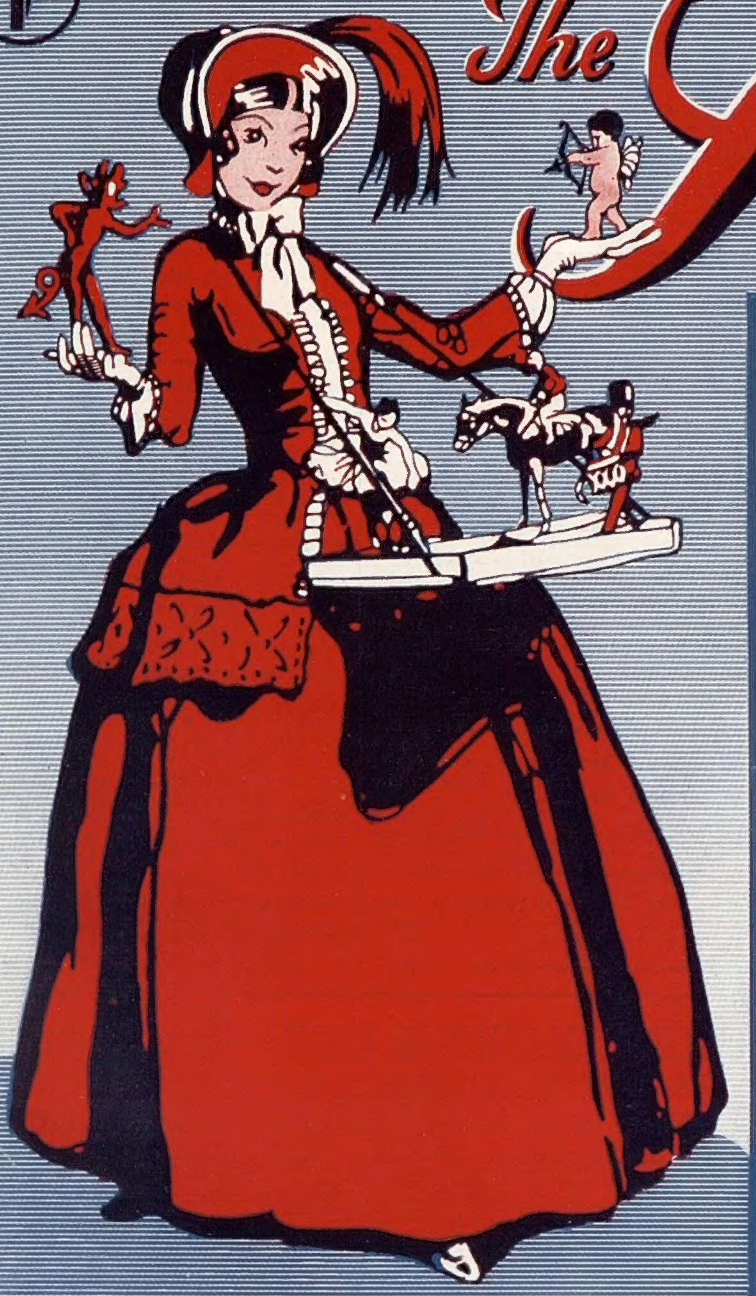
The Sketch



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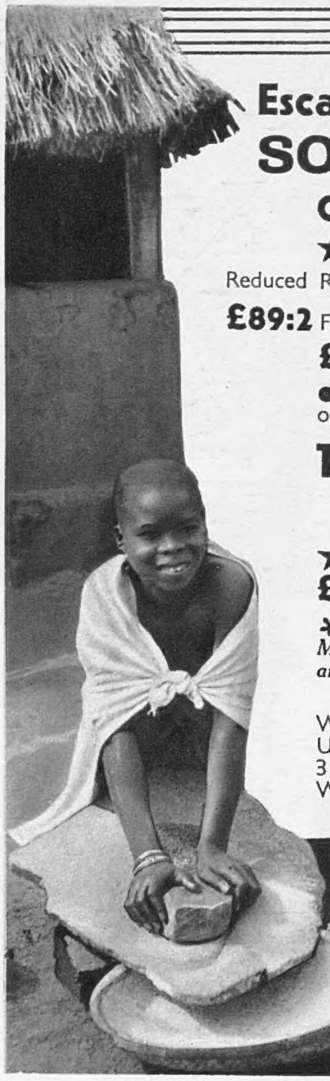

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The Sketch

No. 2336—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1937. ONE SHILLING

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

LADY CHURSTON OF THE CLASSIC BROW.

LADY CHURSTON, *whose broad classic brow is well displayed by the modern " brushed-up " style of coiffure, is the wife of the fourth Lord Churston. She was Miss Elizabeth Mary Du Pre, and was married in 1933. She has one son, the Hon. John Francis Yarde-Buller, and one daughter, the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller. Lord and Lady Churston have a country home in Devonshire and own a London house in St. John's Wood.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

ENGLISH.

As our tormentors used to say to us in the days of our youth : *Translate and explain the following :*

" SHOFFNER HURLS BEES TO SPLIT WITH PHILS.—Milburn Shoffner, 31-year-old southpaw from Boston Bees' New York-Penn League farm at Scranton, made his National League début by holding the Phillies to a three-hit 1—0 shutout in the last half of to-day's doubleheader. The visitors, aided by six Boston errors that provided them with four unearned runs, captured the opener 6—3."

You don't quite get me, Steve ? Then try this one :

" GIANTS EARN SPLIT WITH DODGER NINE.—The pace-making New York Giants cushioned the defeat of their southpaw ace, Carl Hubbell, by shellacking Brooklyn Dodgers 9—1 in the second half of a doubleheader to-day. The even break, while the Cubs were losing to St. Louis, increased the Giants' lead to three full games in the National League pennant chase."

You give it up ? You retire, fascinated but baffled, from the spectacle of Mr. Shoffner hurling bees — a very effective method, I imagine, of dealing with one's opponents — and of the Giants shellacking the Dodgers ? Well, so do I. It 's no use asking *me*. In fact, you can search me. But we are both agreed, I hope, that it must all mean something, or else a newspaper would not print it. At least, I hope that that is a fair conclusion, though the cynical might consider it a *non sequitur*.

" . . . . AND WHO DO YOU THINK *YOU* ARE ? "

DRAWN BY VICKY.

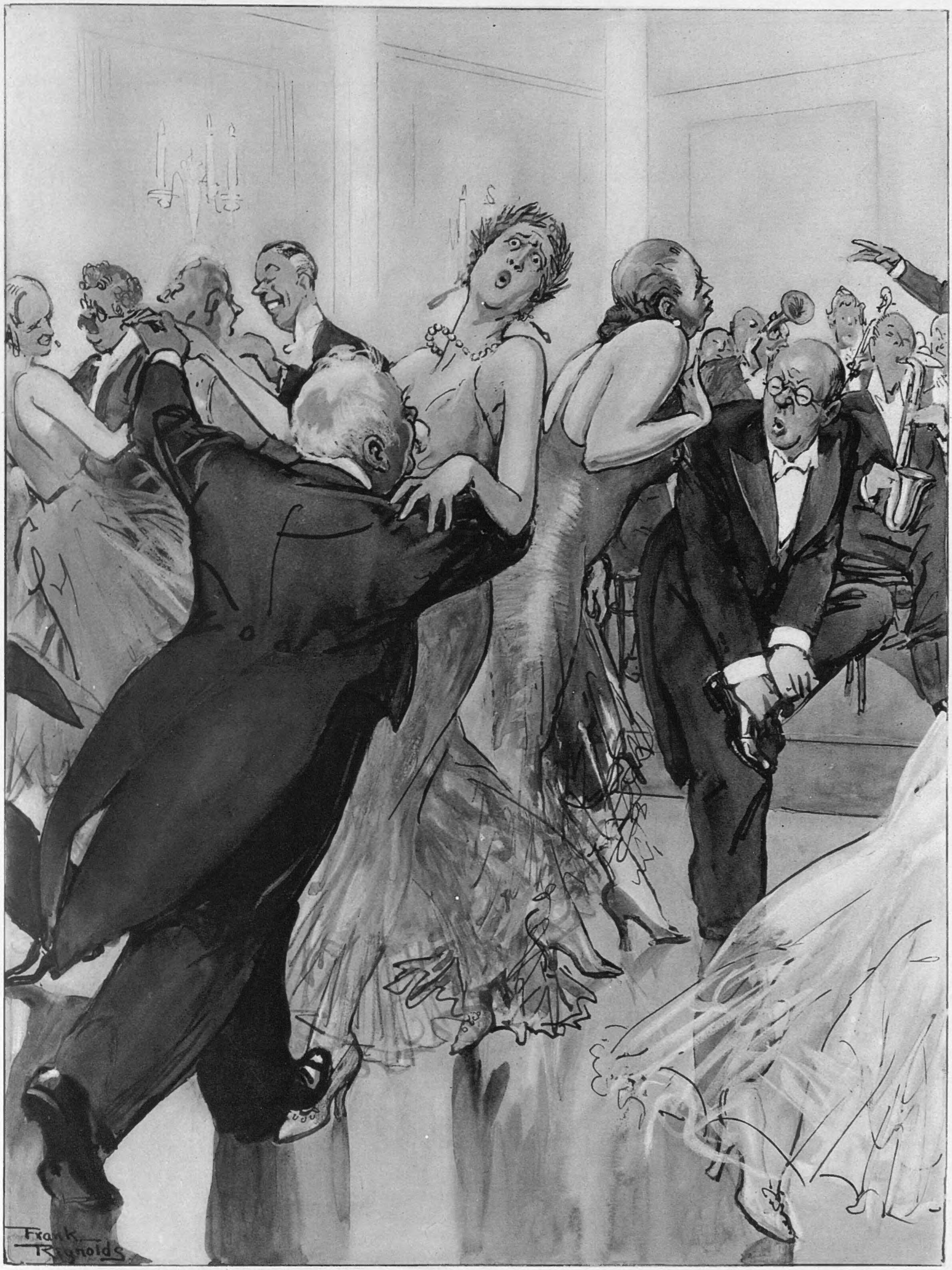
It is certainly very difficult, this new, juicy, exotic dialect, which Mr. H. L. Menken tells us is so greatly enriching the English language ; but pause a moment before you become too superior about it. Suppose that, living on the other side of the Atlantic, you read in an English newspaper that " the scrum-half whipped the ball out quickly to the stand-off, who at once found touch, and from the line-out the forwards took it on the toes to the opponents' twenty-five, where, in a scrum following a knock-on, the clever hooking of Oxbody turned a threatened try into a force " ? I fancy that this simple statement, clear as crystal to you and me, would not convey very much to the reader in Johnsonville, Neb. I even doubt whether he would be much wiser if he read that Hammond, " picking a fizzing inswinger off his toes, slipped it for a neat brace to the gully, skilfully eluding third man." This remarkable feat might puzzle even an English reader, and in Johnsonville, Neb., it would be beyond the range of the wildest conjecture.

I suppose we must allow sport to have its own kind of English, intelligible only to the initiated ; and I suppose also that, after long years of intensive study, it is possible to understand readily even the English of that Lord of Language, the headliner. I envy the technique of the American newspaper-reader who, when he is informed that " KING'S CANARY WON'T CHIRP," instantly realises that a visiting Poet Laureate has declined to give an interview. It is all a matter of practice, but it must need a great deal of practice. The headliner, of course, deserves our sympathy, for he is in a desperate hurry, and the first principle of his existence is to save both time and space, and save it ruthlessly. But if he saves space—even to the extent of substituting commas for every " and " (" Mussolini, Ciano, meet Hitler, Goering ") — I doubt whether he always saves time, for telegraphese often takes longer to understand than plain English. When, for example, I read : " More Population Held Canada Need," it takes me an appreciable moment or two to translate this as meaning that somebody has expressed the opinion that Canada needs more population. But I dare say that is stupid of me ; my mind, I expect, is not provided with a sufficiently modern type of valve. I must see to it.

The headliner's space-saving seems to consist in substituting, wherever possible, monosyllables for polysyllables. Every letter which he can save the compositor is to him as a golden coin is to a miser. For instance, he has been greatly bothered by the word " conference." It 's a terrible space-waster—there are no fewer than ten letters in it, and actually three syllables ! Bad journalism to ask the average reader to cope with a word of three syllables ! And unfortunately, the world is simply buzzing with conferences which positively demand to be headlined. This problem was the despair of Transatlantic journalism, until somebody thought of the magic word " parley." Only six letters and two syllables—a cinch, a very wow ! And so, every meeting, conference, discussion, congress and gathering of any kind has become a " parley." Life has been much easier at thousands of news-desks since this great discovery was made. Or again, imagine the torment of a headliner when faced with a word like " investigation." Even "inquiry" is bad enough — no pep to it ! Thus came into our language the hallowed word "probe." The columns of all American newspapers simply bristle with probes. And when things are not being " probed," they are being " rapped." " Rap "—three letters only, and so expressive, so explosive—it is a machine-gun in the headliner's armament ! I am afraid it makes me want to do a little rapping whenever I see it.

I am all in favour of economy of syllables, but it strikes me that the headline telegraphist is strangely inconsistent in his vocabulary. He parleys and probes and raps, but he can never " check " anything—he must always " check up on " whatever needs to be checked-up-on. He can never just " face " anything, he always " faces up to " things. He has not space for an " and," but his path is strewn with prepositions. And, if he is such an enemy of polysyllables, I wish—oh, how I wish !—that he would not describe everything and everybody everywhere as invariably " colorful."

Also, while I sympathise with his difficulties, I wish his telegraphese would not take the form of tortured adverbs. There is only one word in our new English more revolting than " allegedly," and that word is " reportedly." But the new English grows apace ; and when I see, even in *The Times*, that after an accident, so many are " feared dead." I begin to wonder whether soon there will be any English left at all !

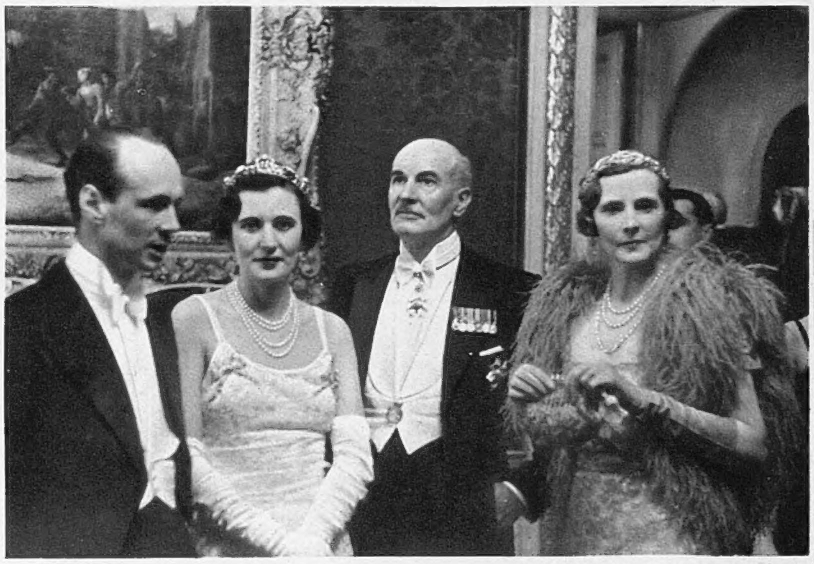


THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Having finished their course of ball-room instruction, Mr. and Mrs. Bristlewood encounter the "real thing."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

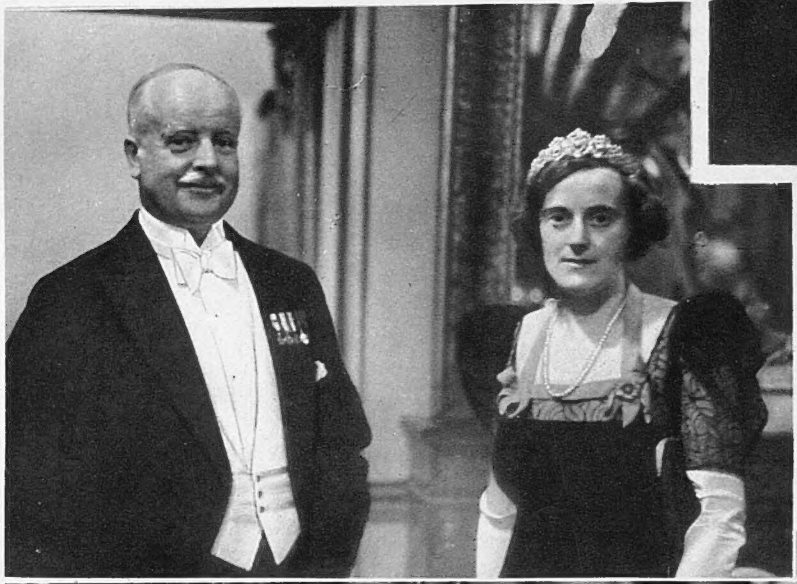
AMONG LADY LONDONDERRY'S TWO-THOUSAND-ODD GUESTS:



VISCOUNT CURZON, VISCOUNTESS CURZON, SIR ARCHIBALD WEIGALL, *father of Lady Curzon, and* MARY COUNTESS HOWE, *mother of Lord Curzon.*

Right: LADY MAUREEN STANLEY, *eldest daughter of Lady Londonderry, and wife of the President of the Board of Trade.*

SIR BROGRAVE BEAUCHAMP, BT., *and* LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP.



Right: LORD SEMPILL, *one of our most air-minded peers.*

Left: LORD BELPER, *father of the Duchess of Norfolk; with* LADY BELPER.

LORD *and* LADY MELCHETT. *Lady Melchett wore a superb tiara and a dark velvet dress.*

Left: LADY PATRICIA MACKAY *and her step-mother, the* COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE *(right)*

Last week Londonderry House was the scene of one of the largest political receptions ever held by the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry on th eve of the State opening of Parliament. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, stood beside Lady Londonderry to receive the guests, who number two-thousand-odd, and included practically everyone of social importance in London. Cabinet Ministers, Church dignitaries, foreign Ambassadors, and t

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CELEBRITIES RECEIVED BEFORE THE NEW SESSION.

The MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, *her elder son*, LORD BURGHLEY, M.P., *and the* MARQUESS OF EXETER.

MRS. ARTHUR JAMES, *the* EARL OF BESSBOROUGH, *and the* COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH *(l. to r.)*.

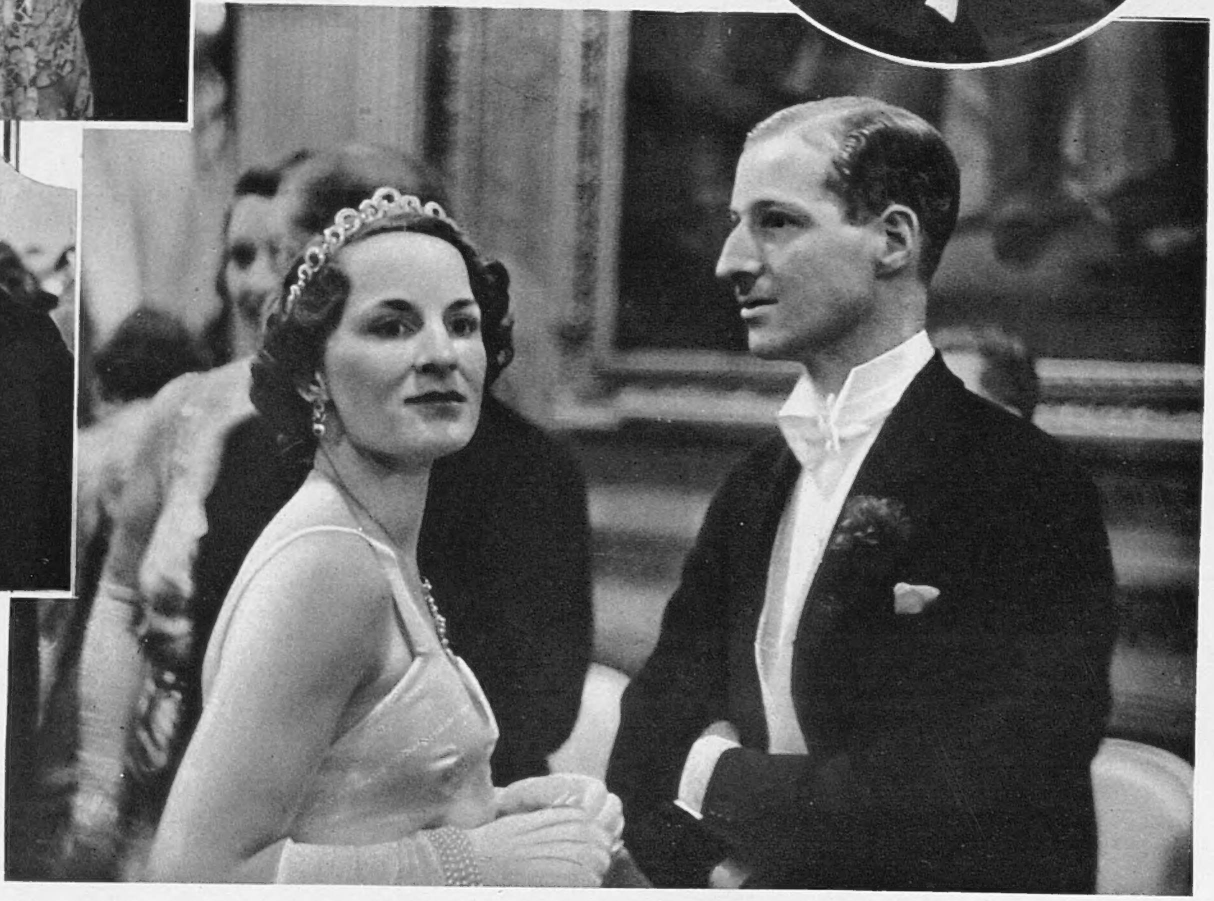
Below: SIR MAURICE JENKS, *a former Lord Mayor of London, and the* BISHOP OF LONDON *(right)*.

The HON. EDWARD *and* LADY HELEN JESSEL, *son-in-law and daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry.*

Left: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH *(right) and her sister,* MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, *the famous actresses.*

LORD HOWLAND, *grandson of the Duke of Bedford, with* PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO, *daughter of Lady Oxford.*

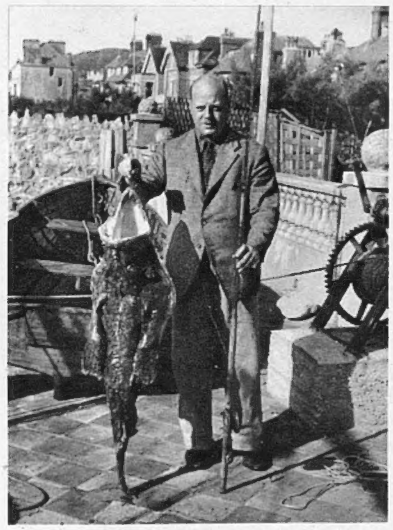
Right: The EARL *and* COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY. *Lord Shrewsbury is the Premier Earl (on the Roll) in peerages of England and Ireland, and is Lord High Steward of Ireland.*



bearers of great names slowly ascended the staircase and passed into the famous suite of superb reception rooms which, in spite of their great size, were filled "to capacity." The Prime Minister had an attack of gout during the week-end, but was able to come to the reception, though leaning on a stick. He was, however, unable to attend the opening of Parliament. On other pages we give photographs of notabilities at the ceremony.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

LAST week I had a letter from a *Sketch* reader, Mr. G. F. Townsend, about a splendid bass he caught at Broadstairs. He wrote: "I thought you would be interested to hear that I caught a magnificent bass weighing 14 lb. 4 oz. from the rocks at Broadstairs on Oct. 14. Its length was 2 ft. 6 in. and girth 20 in. As you can imagine the fish gave me plenty of sport, and took about a quarter of an hour to land. Unfortunately I snapped my rod after playing the fish, in easing it on to the rocks, as I had no net or gaff." This bass is an exceptionally large one to be caught on rod and line, in fact, only about eight heavier fish have been recorded for the whole of the British Isles. Mr. Townsend informs me that he was using soft crab for bait, securely tied to the hook with cotton wool. Undoubtedly this is one of the best baits for large bass. I asked Mr. Townsend if he had taken any more large bass at Broadstairs, and he replied that he had a nice fish of exactly half the weight of his big one about a month ago. It was landed on a dab hook baited with rock worm—a kind of rag worm found among the rocks at Broadstairs. Mr. Townsend states that bass are more plentiful at Broadstairs in the spring.



Here is a queer fish to catch on rod and line. It is a 48-LB. ANGLER FISH *which was out-angled by Mr. W. Walters, of Sandgate, Kent. He landed it while boat fishing the other day.*

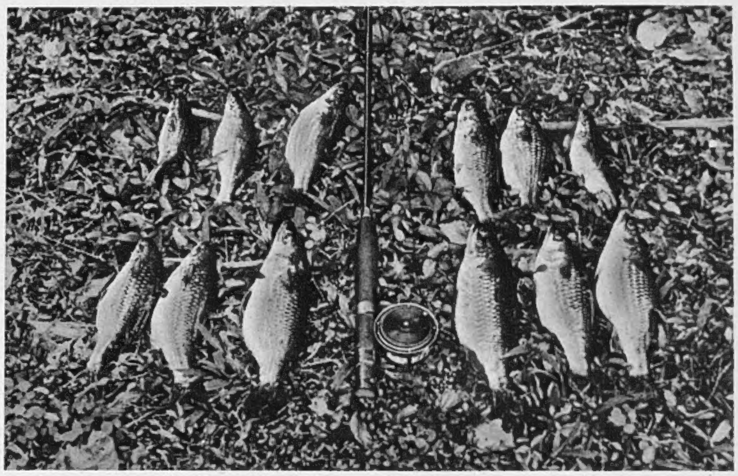
Interesting Walton Discovery.

My friend, Mr. P. T. Dale, one of the trustees of Izaak Walton's cottage at Shallowford, near Stafford, informs me of a most interesting discovery that was made recently. When a safe at a local pawnbroker's shop was being cleared, a parcel was found which contained deeds relating to the Shallowford cottage. These deeds, which the trustees claimed, and of which they have secured possession by reimbursing the pawnbroker for the amount lent on them, consist of thirteen documents, including the original conveyance from Walter Nowell to Izaak Walton, dated May 1, 1655. Some of the deeds were made during the Commonwealth and the reign of Charles II., and there are letters written by Izaak Walton, Jun., about the charities which were set out in full in his father's will. Izaak Walton made many notes on the deeds and his son did likewise. Their handwriting can be recognised by the change in the style of writing from the father's old English script to the son's modern style.

Walton's Friend Bryan.

The names of witnesses to the signature on the conveyance have revealed a mistaken conjecture, recorded by Sir Harris Nicholas, that in the lines: "Or, with my Bryan and a book, Loiter long days near Shawford-brook"; Walton was alluding to the name of a favourite dog. As one of the witnesses to the deed was Bryan Lane, Gent., of Coton, there is little doubt that he was the intimate friend with whom Walton fished in Shawford-brook. Sir Harris wrote: "Between 1655 and 1658 not a single trace of Walton has been found." The deeds show that he was in Stafford in 1655, and possibly he had gone there to work in peace on his second and improved edition of his "Life of Dr. Donne" which was published in 1658.

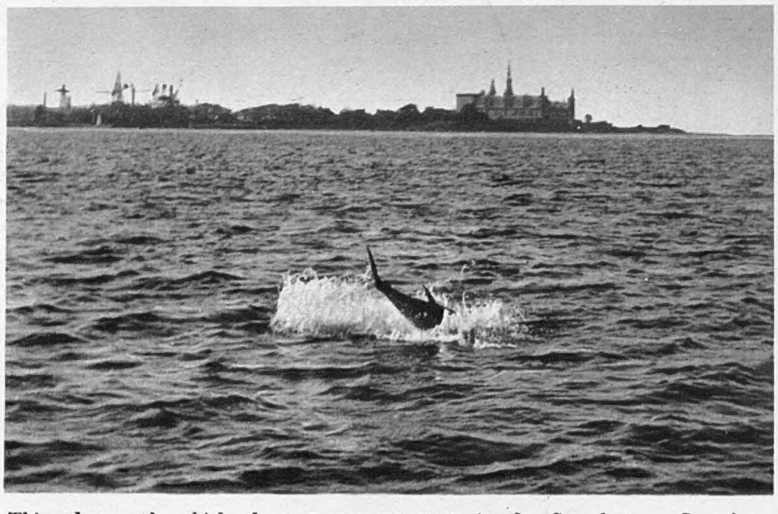
A Pike Jonah. My recommendation of the use of large baits for big pike, made a few weeks ago when mentioning the success of Dr. K. C. Edwards with pike on Lough Mask, is born out by the following incident which occurred to Mr. H. S. Strathurde, of Stratford-on-Avon. While spinning with a herring as bait in a lake in the Midlands, Mr. Strathurde hooked and landed a pike of 14 lb. As he was removing the hooks from the pike's mouth, he saw in its throat what appeared at first sight to be the head of an eel. His curiosity aroused, Mr. Strathurde proceeded to dislodge the specimen with his disgorger, and lifted out not an eel, but a live pike measuring about sixteen inches. The tail was partially digested, but otherwise the pike seemed right enough, so Mr. Strathurde placed it in the lake and watched it. In about three minutes he had the satisfaction of seeing it swim slowly off, but his satisfaction was short-lived, for the pike had not gone out of sight when a large pike appeared and seized it. Mr. Strathurde states that he knows the water holds plenty of large pike, but he has only taken three sizeable fish, though he has fished there many times. He wonders if he would have had better sport had he used 12-inch to 14-inch pike as baits.



This fine catch of MOUNTAIN MULLET *was made in Dominica, Leeward Islands, British West Indies, in one morning by one rod. Nine were caught on fly-spoon and the remaining three (including the largest, which weighed 10½ oz.) on dry fly. The total weight of the catch was 5 lb. Our correspondent points out that some little time ago, in our "When I Was Last a-Fishing" article, reference was made to the fact that mountain mullet in Jamaica would take nothing but Avocado pear; whereas the mountain mullet at Dominica are taken with grasshopper, worm and crayfish, as well as with Avocado pear, while our correspondent himself has found fly-spoon very effective and also discovered that they will take dry fly.*

Tunny in the Kattegat. Before tunny-fishing was started in the North Sea several British anglers had gone over to Denmark, and I believe Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry was the first to catch a tunny there on rod and line. This was in 1928 and his fish weighed 523 lb. Commercial fishermen had been catching tunny in Danish waters two years before this. I have just heard from Mr. Ludvig Svendsen, of Copenhagen, that during the last three or four years the tunny have been fewer and of smaller size. In mid-September last, however, several hundred tunnies were caught in big standing nets and their weight ran from 100 lb. to 200 lb. This was near Odden, and Mr. Svendsen adds that only a few fish have been caught on hooks near Odden Harbour. Since September large numbers of tunny, big and small, have appeared in the Sound within a few miles of Copenhagen. On some days several hundreds could be seen.

R. L. MARSTON.



This photograph, which shows TUNNY LEAPING *in the Sound, near Copenhagen, Denmark, was sent by Mr. Svendsen. Kronborg Castle is in the background.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

BEAUTY IN A FORAGE-CAP.

MISS MARYOTH HAY, *who is here seen wearing one of the natty little winter hats which resemble a soldier's forage-cap, is a charming ex-deb. She is the daughter of Major Lord Edward Hay and of the late Lady Edward Hay and is a niece of the Marquess of Tweeddale. She was presented last year, and her stepmother, Lady Edward Hay, has been entertaining for her a good deal.*

MRS. GEORGE VERNON TATE *and her daughters, the* MISSES TATE, *are here posed in the charming drawing-room of her Sussex home, St. Malo, Ferring. Mrs. Tate was formerly Lady de Clifford, and is the mother of the present Lord de Clifford and of the Hon. Mrs. Mervyn H. Taylor. Her second husband was the late Captain Arthur Stock. Her marriage to Captain Tate, M.C., took place in 1922. Their daughters are Pamela and Virginia.*

A delightful study of MRS. GEORGE VERNON TATE, *with her daughters, the* MISSES TATE, *and a favourite dog in the garden at St. Malo, Ferring. Like everyone else, Mrs. Tate was this year able to enjoy gathering summer flowers from her garden until well into the autumn, as our photograph shows.*

THE LADIES OF ST. MALO — IN SUSSEX.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS COMPTON COLLIER.

THE MISTRESS OF THE ROBES IN WADERS.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, *who holds the office of Mistress of the Robes to H.M. the Queen, is a keen angler. She is seen salmon-fishing in Scotland just before the close of the season. She is the daughter of a Duke (the 7th Duke of Richmond and Gordon), the widow of a Duke (the late Duke of Northumberland), and the mother of a Duke (the present Duke of Northumberland); and she will become the mother-in-law of a Duke's heir, for Lady Elizabeth Percy is engaged to the eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.*

THE FIRST STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN THE NEW REIGN:

Her Grace the DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, *Mistress of the Robes, is seen leaving her house for the ceremony. In the procession she drove in the first carriage after their Majesties. On another page we give an unconventional portrait of her as a salmon angler.*

Left: LADY ELIZABETH PERCY *(r.), who is engaged to the Marquess of Clydesdale, and her sister,* LADY DIANA PERCY. *They are the daughters of the Duchess of Northumberland.*

COLONEL ULRIC THYNNE, *a member of H.M. Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, arriving with his daughter,* MRS. MURRAY-SMITH.

Her Grace the DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH *in a lovely chinchilla wrap.*

LADY MARY BOSCAWEN *and her sister-in-law, the* MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM *(r.), daughter-in-law of the Duke of Montrose.*

Her Grace the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *wife of the Earl Marshal.*

LORD *and* LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *leaving after the ceremony. Lady Willoughby was Miss Rachel Wrey.*

ROYAL DUKES AND DUCHESSES; AND A PEER IN HIS ROBES.

Right: *The* MARQUESS TOWNSHEND *in his robes.*

The MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA *in the lovely cloak with a high collar which she wore for the ceremony.*

His Grace the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *Earl Marshal, leaving the House of Lords.*

Owing to an attack of gout, the Prime Minister was unable to be present at the State Opening of Parliament. MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN *is shown leaving Downing Street.*

Right: The EARL *and* COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY. *Lady Shrewsbury was Miss Nadine Crofton - Atkins.*

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *on her way to Westminster for the ceremony.*

T.R.H. *the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT *leaving their Belgrave Square House for the ceremony.*

TALES WITH A STING.

REACTION.

By PETER LANGDALE.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

STELLA was as curious as any wife should be who 's left her hubby a note telling him he can look after himself in future, because she 's fed up with his bad temper when he comes home evenings, and that she 's just about had enough of cleaning and polishing and cooking in a three-room joint for a guy who 's got as much sense of gratitude as an undertaker has a sense of humour.

She was curious because she 'd never done this before; hadn't had time. They 'd only been married three months, and that 's not really long enough for a girl to know all about what happens when a wife gives her hubby the air in writing. She wanted to see how Bill reacted to that note on the dressing-table; whether he took it on the chin and went out to face the world, dauntless and wifeless, or whether he crumpled. She hoped he crumpled.

Anyway, the best way to see a thing, she decided logically, was to go to the place where it was happening and keep your eyes open.

It 'd been two-fifteen in the afternoon when she 'd written the note, and by three-fifteen she 'd changed her mind a few score times, packed a suit-case with a few clothes, just for appearance, and closed the front door behind her with a firm resolution never to darken the threshold again until Bill went down on his knees and craved pardon.

That resolution had remained firm for about an hour after she 'd left the flat, and then the foundations showed signs of weakening. She got curious. And when a girl like Stella gets curious, especially about a hubby like Bill, something 's liable to happen.

Knowing Bill was due home at five o'clock, the thought occurred to her that unless she hurried she 'd miss the show, and if she did that no one would forgive her, least of all herself.

The threshold was darkened once again as she entered the flat, but she didn't look at it that way. After all, maybe she 'd been a little harsh with the darling boy; perhaps there was something in this jaded - business-man notion, or else why did movie magnates make pictures for them? And then—the spectre flashed like a lively nightmare into her mind—there was a chance, an awful chance, that Bill would bump himself off with that gun he 'd bought during the burglar scare. He might even take to drinking his head off with his pay envelope, or put his head in the gas-cooker. He might take a dive from the window, drown himself and his sorrows in the bath or cut his throat with a razor-blade.

In fact, there were quite a number of things he might do, and Stella began to think she 'd been led back to the flat by some Fate who had a personal interest in the destiny of young couples.

She walked into the bedroom and noticed that her missive was still where she 'd placed it on the dressing - table. So Bill hadn't been back yet. She was in time to prevent disaster and that ugly follow-through about insanity which they always printed in the papers whenever anyone put himself on the spot.

Glancing round the room, the only place she could think of to peek from was under the bed. From this angle, by lifting the frills of the bed-cover, she had a ringside view of the note on the dressing - table.

She 'd be able to watch Bill's reaction when he read the note, and then, if he didn't stage a horizontal but went to the drawer where the gun was kept instead, she 'd be ready to jump up and do her stuff.

She crawled floorwards and stomached her way into position. Too bad she couldn't have a cushion or two to help her get comfortable, but there wasn't space. The floor was mighty hard, and it wasn't possible to move much, because the underside of the mattress was so close; an inch lower and she couldn't have squeezed in at all.

Just as her pose was reproducing the first stage of paralysis, the front door opened and Bill came into the hall with a hearty "Hello, darling! You there?"

A few strides and he was in the bedroom. He saw the note and, squinting between the frills of the bed-cover, Stella watched him read it, frown, peer at it, turn it over, and finally fold it away in his pocket.

There was dead silence while he stood beside the dressing-table staring blankly into space; deciding whether to use the gun or a shilling in the gas-meter, Stella supposed. She was all set to haul herself out the moment he made for the drawer where the weapon lay. Instead, he opened his wardrobe and, with a deep sigh, took out a suit—a good suit.

Stepping out to discuss the problem with a friend, thought Stella, or maybe . . . maybe he 'd make a date with a pre-marriage sweetheart! She hadn't thought of dames before.

But the horror of the idea was crushed out of her by Bill's weight as he sat heavily on the bed and pulled on his socks. When he 'd got the second sock on he began to hum. It was a snappy, light-hearted tune, the kind a man hums when his spirits are on the boom.

Anger welled up in Stella's heart. He wasn't in the least repentant. A hard, insensitive brute who could watch his quarter-old bride walk out on him like so much laundry. He had no feelings, and she felt she wouldn't care a hoot if he dropped dead on the floor beside her.

When he 'd dressed she saw him, still humming, write something on the back of her note, fold it the reverse way, and leave it on the dressing-table. Then he brushed his suit carefully, fixed his tie straight, gave himself the once-over in the mirror, and went into the hall.

Immediately the front door closed Stella wormed out from beneath the bed and snatched at the note. This must be some kind of clue to his movements. But she was disappointed.

She read: "It 's much softer *on* the bed." [THE END.]

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

The first night of Covent Garden's new Ballet on Skates, "RHAPSODY ON ICE," *drew a big crowd of well-knowns to the Royal Opera House. This group consists of* CAPTAIN BRUCE OTTLEY, LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, *and her mother, the* MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE.

LORD HOWLAND, *grandson of the Duke of Bedford, is seen with the lovely blonde* BARONESS GIESLA KRIEGER.

ICE BALLETOMANES AT COVENT GARDEN.

Left: VISCOUNTESS MOORE, *daughter-in-law of the Earl of Drogheda, was photographed in the foyer.*

LADY TICHBORNE, *the young wife of Sir Anthony Tichborne, Bt., wore a striking wrap.*

MRS. DRESSELHUYS, LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS, *wife of Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, Bt., and* MRS. VAN RENSSELAER *are seen in this group—from left to right.*

MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE, *the well-known skater, came with her mother to view this new form of skating ballet.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

LONDON PRIDE; OR, H.M.S. "PRESIDENT."

THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE, *London Division, has its H.Q. in H.M.S. "President," moored alongside the Victoria Embankment. From the earliest times, Naval Volunteer seamen have served in the King's ships under many titles. The report of a naval committee of 1891 states that history vouches for the existence of Naval Volunteer Corps in the days of Edward the Confessor. Anyhow, the R.N.V.R. as such was only eleven years old when war broke out in 1914, and served with distinction in every theatre of war afloat, ashore, and in the air. H.M.S. "President," a convoy sloop, was built at Clydebank in 1918. Originally launched as H.M.S. "Saxifrage," her obvious nickname was "London Pride." She served in the war on Atlantic convoy duty, and was converted to a drill-ship and the H.Q. of the London Division and renamed "President" in 1921.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS BOUCHARD.

"TREND" LONG-SKIRTED LEAPS.

These photographs show members of HANYA HOLM'S CONCERT DANCE GROUP, *who, with twenty-six other students, recently danced with Miss Holm at Bennington, Vermont, in a new long composition, entitled "Trend," composed and produced under the auspices of the Bennington School of the dance. Louise Kloepper, a young American dancer, is the central figure in the lower photograph. The curious effect produced by the long-skirted dresses worn is well illustrated by these camera studies.*

GLUCK ON TALENTED PEOPLE.

GLUCK, who is a painter of distinction, will hold an exhibition of her pictures at the Fine Art Society's Gallery on November 18. The Private View will be on November 17. These are some of her exhibits.

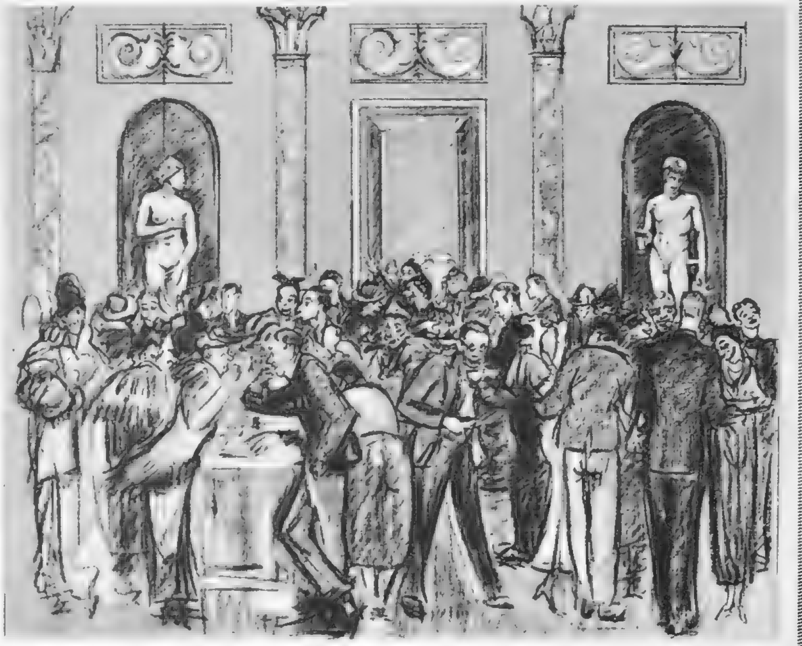
" COMTESSE GOVONE." *A portrait of the talented painter, Mariette Lydis, whose work we have often reproduced.*

Here is GLUCK, *the painter, herself, with one of her charming flower-pieces.*

" MISS JOAN SWINSTEAD AS 'LYSISTRATA.' " *" Lysistrata " was produced in March 1936, at the Gate Theatre.*

" THE LADY MOUNT TEMPLE." *A great hostess, Lady Mount Temple is the wife of the first Baron.*

" STEPHEN HAGGARD, ESQ." *One of the most brilliant of our young actors. His last rôle was Marchbanks in Shaw's " Candida," with Diana Wynyard.*



" IN AID OF . . ." *You will need no explanation of this often-repeated event.*

" MISS SUSAN ERTZ." *The famous U.S.A. novelist, whose latest book, " No Hearts to Break," is just out.*

MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS AND HARRIERS FOR THIS SEASON.

MISS M. KENNEDY *is Master of the Ludlow.*

MISS R. M. HARRISON, O.B.E., *has been Master of the North Staffordshire since 1930. She is posed at Maer Hall, Staffs, with her favourite Staffordshire bull-terrier, Crib.*

The COUNTESS OF RADNOR, *here seen with her favourite hunter, Forshane, is Joint-Master of the Wilton, with Major A. E. Phillips. The fourth Earl of Radnor established the Wilton in 1869 with kennels at his seat, Longford Castle; so there is a close family connection with the hunt.*

The HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL *(formerly Miss Susan Roberts), daughter-in-law of Lord Farnham, is Joint-Master, with Mr. H. C. Callaby, of the Heacham Harriers.*

MISS PATRICIA PARKINSON *is Joint-Master, with Major L. R. Kettle, of the Monmouthshire.*

MISS ENA ADAMS *is Joint-Master, with her father, Mr. Norman Adams, of the South Wold Hunt.*

The MISSES MAY *and* VIOLET WILSON *are the twin-sister Joint-Masters of the Woodland Pytchley. They undertook the Mastership recently, when Sir Julien Cahn relinquished it to take over the Fernie. They are artists as well as sportswomen.*

MISS EFFIE BARKER *is Joint-Master, with Major Sir H. R. Cayzer, Bt., of the Garth.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY OUTLAWS *beat* MISS DIANA FISHWICK'S GOLF TEAM *by 11 matches to 4, with 3 halved, at Ashridge. The teams were (standing; back row; l. to r.): G. Morton, T. S. Winton, J. D. A. Langley, Miss Nancy Gibbons, Miss Brenda Norris, J. W. D. Goodban, Miss Beryl Pockett, Miss Sheila Stroyan, Miss Peggy Faulkner, and T. R. MacGregor; (seated) Miss Margery Raworth, Miss K. Garnham, Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Diana Fishwick, (captain of the Women's team), G. G. D. Carter (captain of the Cambridge side), Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Jacqueline Gordon, Miss Sonia Swinburne-Johnston; and (seated on the ground) R. B. How, G. Casson, B. T. Parsons, R. O. Booth, S. G. Dalley, and A. G. Buchanan.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

SPLENDOUR was last week's theme-song, starting with the biggest Londonderry House reception within living memory, and one of the best-dressed ones. New frocks and clean tiaras were key-notes for the first eve-of-session party of the new reign. Lady Londonderry's black velvet dress, worn with her usual long diamond stomacher, and tiara and ear-rings, bracelets, and other glittering adornments, was most effective, specially as the other members of her family—her sister, Mrs. Hoare; her daughter-in-law, Lady Castlereagh; and her daughters, the Ladies Maureen Stanley and Helen Jessel—were in white.

The Prime Minister smiled as he received, but was obviously suffering from his gout (the traditional statesman's trouble); and I observed that Mrs. Chamberlain took up her position just inside the long gallery, exactly as Lady Baldwin used to do. Outstanding personalities at the reception included the Duke of Westminster ("Bend-Or"), who gave Lady Londonderry a long and personal greeting as he came up the stairs; Katherine, Duchess of Westminster, perfect example of a lady of the old régime; and Mary, Lady Howe, pre-war hostess, whose beauty is as breath-taking as ever. Priscilla, Lady Annesley and Mrs. Arthur James were also among the elders whose spirit and magnificence rouse admiration.

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It would be difficult to pick out special jewels we covet from such "a pride," but I should like to own young Lady Curzon's aquamarines and diamonds and Lady Helen Jessel's rubies and diamonds.

Lady Mairi Stewart was looking very grown-up in pink taffetas, with a posy of pink and blue flowers in her hair. She is the living image of a former Lady Londonderry, whose picture hangs in the smaller reception-room leading out of the gallery. The newly-engaged Lord Clydesdale and Lady Elizabeth Percy looked very happy, and her fair colouring was well set off by her gold sequin dress. Her mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, wore gold sequins on the next day at the opening of Parliament, by the way.

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On Tuesday there was more glitter, splendour, and pageantry with the opening of Parliament—in bright sunshine, too—a splendid omen. The little Princesses seemed entranced by the wonderful ceremony. Both were hatless and wore pink frocks and coats. The young Duchesses of Richmond and Norfolk looked well—the one in white and the other in sky-blue. Her Grace of Norfolk is as pretty in tweeds and a waterproof, as I saw her at Newbury on that awful pouring Saturday, as she is in magnificent jewels and full evening dress.

MISS DIANA BRASSEY, *youngest daughter of Captain Robert Brassey, of The Node, Hitchin, Herts, is engaged to Captain Humphrey William Lloyd, the Royals, younger son of Brig.-Gen. A. H. O. Lloyd, of Leaton Knolls, Shrewsbury.*

The marriage of MISS JEAN BURNETT, *daughter of the late Sir Napier Burnett and of Lady Burnett, to Mr. Lionel Graham, Royal Tank Corps, son of the late Mr. W. S. Graham and of Mrs. Graham, is fixed for November 16.*

But to return to the opening of Parliament. The Queen looked lovely, and her colouring was perfectly suited by her dress. The Circlet of the Crown which she wore is extremely becoming, and both she and the King smiled at their daughters as they passed them, and must have been pleased at the graceful way the young Princesses made their little curtseys.

. . . . .

Then to Covent Garden for "Rhapsody on Ice," where I found an unusual audience composed of balletomanes, opera regulars, and skating enthusiasts. Queen Eugénie of Spain was in the Royal Box. Her brother, Lord Carisbrooke, arrived first with Lady Carisbrooke and Lady Iris Mountbatten. The latter, who is very tall, looked nice with her fair hair in curls, and in a white-and-silver dress. Queen Eugénie slipped in quietly after the show had begun. Princess Bibesco was one of those present, in a very original ruby-red satin coat with a ruffle of black bead fringe, and a black net square arranged over her hair in floating folds. Other notable personalities included Lady Ravensdale, the Weigalls, with a huge party, and Merle Oberon, in a coat of ermine and sable combined, the height of sumptuousness.

. . . . .

Art has loomed importantly in our lives this last week. Even those whose interest in it is confined to pictures of the screen rather than of the easel variety know that Epstein is having a sculpture show at the Leicester Galleries, and that the chief exhibit is a figure of Derbyshire alabaster entitled "Consummatum est." Whether this makes an appeal to you or not, it's useless to deny that it is an exceedingly

LADY DIANA PERCY, *younger daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland, and sister of the young Duke of Northumberland, will be a bridesmaid to her only sister, Lady Elizabeth Percy, when she marries the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, on December 2.*

important work, though obviously it would be seen much better in a bigger gallery.

The busts on view are less controversial and very beautiful. The three-quarter-length of Haile Selassie is quite one of Epstein's finest works, and there are also lovely bronze heads of women. His vivid portrait of a "Young Communist" will come as a surprise to the Blimps of this world, as the young man portrayed is handsome and exceptionally intelligent-looking.

The Private View was very crowded. Amongst Mr. Epstein's great admirers present was Mr. Osbert Sitwell. He was talking to Mrs. Epstein, who usually represents her famous husband at functions of this kind. Lady Bonham Carter, Mr. Somerset Maugham, Lady Oxford, and Flora Robson were also private view day visitors.

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Floods of rain didn't prevent a smart private view for the paintings by Laelia Caetani at the Lefèvre. She is a clever artist and has a flair for painting assemblies—a good one being "Canonisation à St. Pierre de Rome," in reds and greens, blacks, and so on. Princess de Bassiano, her mother, wore summer ermine and a green-feathered brown hat. Lord Balniel was there—he is a cousin of the painter through her father, who is half-Scottish. M. Corbin, the French Ambassador, Princess Bibesco, and Mr. Kenneth Clark were also present, so the crowd was learned as well as *chic*.

. . .

George Nicholson's show of attractive paintings of "The Champagne Country" was on for a short five-days' "run" at the Redfern. Surrounded as we were at the private view by wine country landscapes, which included views of cellars and casks for the vintage, it seemed a delicate thought on the part of the painter to supply also an "internal wash" of champagne, accompanied by special sweet pink rusks from France for the refreshment of visitors. Lady Petrie, Freda Lady Forres, Sir Denison Ross, and a couple of K.C.s were guests at this function, which preceded Mr. Glyn Philpot's exhibition at the same gallery.

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Michael Foley, the young sculptor who is having a show at the Picture Hire Gallery from Nov. 9 to 27 with John Cole, Vivian Cole, and Hamish McPherson, three "contemporaries of the chisel," must have been rather an overweight traveller on trains and cars this year, for he "did" his country house visits with a block of marble in his suit-case. It is true that, as he went from mansion to mansion, it grew lighter as he chiselled it into one of the torsos which will be on view at the show, but it must have added to the weight of his "grip"! He will also exhibit a model of the statue of St. Thomas More, which he is making for the Roman Catholic Chapel at Oxford; a wood carving of a young man arching his back, apparently in agony—but it 's only Foley himself stretching before he has to get up in the morning; and a statue of St. Joseph in mahogany lent from St. Anne's Priory, Edge Hill.

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However many engagements you may have for this week, you must find time to visit the Sale and Exhibition of the War Disabled Men's Industries at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. The Duchess of Kent is opening it on Friday, Nov. 5, and the goods include the work of 3000 disabled men, many of whom persevere under such terrible physical handicaps that the excellent—and, indeed, exquisite—workmanship of their goods is nothing short of amazing. These range from house and garden furniture to flowers, toys, work-bags, and socks, and offer a fine field for the Christmas shop-hound's activities!

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The Mozart programme at the first Aeolus concert of the season, with the Boyd Neel String Orchestra, and Lotte Schöne, Eric Starling, and Doda Conrad as vocalists, gave us first the short Serenata Notturna, composed at Salzburg in 1776; an Adagio and Fugue of 1783—which reminds us how much the composer's wife loved fugues—and a Divertimento written when Mozart was sixteen; and almost unknown here till the Boyd Neel Orchestra revived it. Then, after the interval, we had the one-act opera "Bastien and Bastienne," exquisitely given. The "scenic suggestion" by George Schjelderup included Bastienne's flock of sheep, a tree, and a cottage window, but the tiny stage had the effect of making the male singers look overwhelmingly tall. Mary, Lady Howe was a lovely figure in green and silver lamé, with green ribbon in her hair and a blue fox cape. In the interval she chatted to H.E. the Austrian Minister, who sat in the front row next to Lady Alexandra Haig and in front of the John "Glyndebourne" Christies. Lady Alexandra Haig is most interested in music, and goes to the Salzburg Festival every year. Mrs. Balfour (*née* FitzGeorge), Mrs. Augustus Ralli, Mrs. Charles Cartwright, and the Willie (British Museum) Kings were other Mozart enthusiasts to be seen, as well as Lady Ottoline Morrell, looking magnificently Elizabethan. Before leaving the subject of concerts, I expect there will be a big gathering of musical Londoners at Mme. Sinding-Larsen's recital on Nov. 8 at the Wigmore Hall. Baroness Schröder is giving a reception for this popular artist after the concert.

. . .

In spite of the appalling weather conditions at Newmarket, everyone seemed to enjoy the Cesarewitch day, and the stands were packed. Racegoers did not stay under cover, either; they went out into the paddock; but even the strongest "macs" failed to give complete protection against the downpour, and even the best-arranged "perms" and the prettiest natural curls tended to get disarranged in the wind and the rain! Miss Diana Brassey and her fiancé were receiving congratulations; Lady Zia Wernher came with her daughter "Gina," who looked extremely neat and cosy in a nice, ribbed, dark-blue velvet raincoat. Lady Zia was talking to Mrs. Robert Grimston, and telling her that she had recently lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Kent and Queen Mary, and that Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra are just too lovely, the latter with the bluest of blue eyes.

This portrait of LADY ELIZABETH PERCY *is by Count Uberto Pallastrelli di Celleri. Lady Elizabeth is the elder daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland, and is engaged to the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. Her marriage is fixed for December 2 at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.*

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Our evening at the Queen's Hall with Sir Thomas Beecham, Piatigorsky, and some of the minor masters at the second of the Royal Philharmonic Society's concerts, was delightful. Rimsky-Korsakov's romantically beautiful "Antar," and Ernest Bloch's philosophical Hebrew rhapsody, "Schelomo," were flawlessly given; and the Rossini overture, changed from "La Cambiale di Matrimonio" to "Scala di Seta," was enjoyed by everyone.

MARIEGOLD.

HOWLERS HAND - PICKED FOR BLAMPIED.

THE gorgeous humour of Cecil Hunt's schoolboy howlers has added to the gaiety of nations. His new book, " HAND-PICKED HOWLERS," just published by Methuen, is greatly

[Continued below.

" Every morning my mother waves her arms to stretch her abominable muscles."

" A demagogue is a pot-bellied vessel for holding liquor."

" A molecule is a girlish boy."

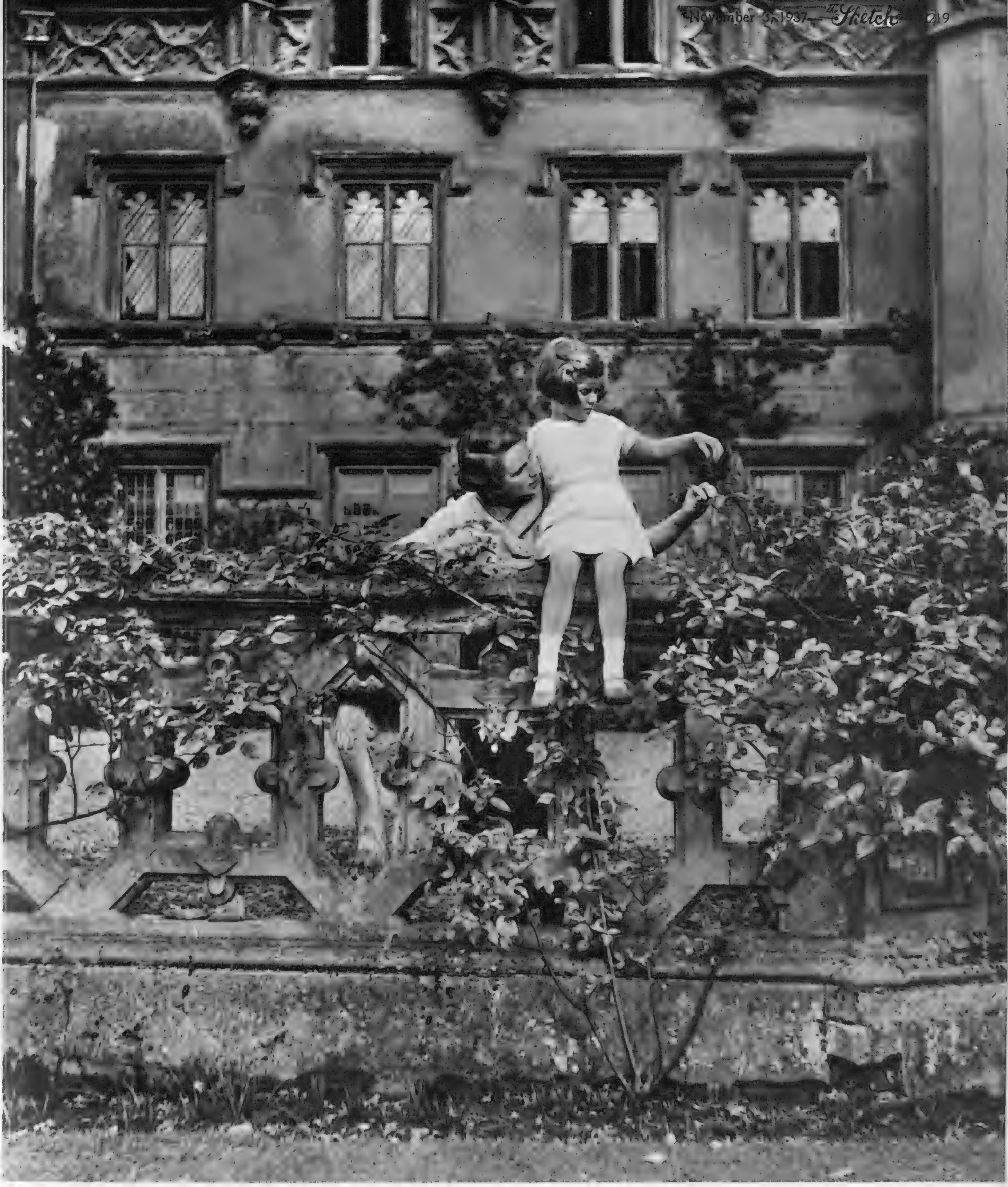
" Who was sorry when the Prodigal Son returned?" " The fatted calf."

Continued.]

enriched by the drawings of Blampied. In his foreword, Mr. Hunt says: "I count myself happy indeed in an illustrator whose wit and imagination have something of the very spontaneity and inconsequence that characterises the howlers themselves." Blampied's work, it may be added, is already very well known to readers of *The Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch*, for whom he has made many droll and brilliant drawings. For years Mr. Hunt collected juvenile howlers; then he published them. Since then, from all parts of the world, thousands of genuine howlers have arrived from bishops, headmasters, tutors, parents, and school-children themselves, "sneaking" about their form-mates!

" *Tell me, where is fancy bred?*: Dites mois où est pâtisserie ? "

" Chemin de fer : *a fur shirt.*"



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE HAYDON.

THE LAST ROSES OF ST. LUKE'S SUMMER.

LADY HERMIONE COBBOLD *and her elder daughter were snapped taking advantage of the wonderful sunshine of St. Luke's summer, and, by picking off the dead heads, doing their best to make the roses on the terrace at Knebworth look as if it were still June. Lady Hermione is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, of Knebworth House, Herts, and married Mr. Cameron Fromanteel Cobbold in 1930. She has two daughters.*

THE ROYAL OPERA HO

THE BALLET ON SKATE

Left: "Enchanted Night," a romantic ballet, is the opening item on the programme of Claude Langdon's "RHAPSODY ON ICE," at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. ANDRÉE JOLY and PIERRE BRUNET are the Princess Swan and the Prince.

The Brahman's Daughter (MARIA BELITA) loses caste through having fallen in love with a British officer and is here seen in rags after she has been thrown out of her father's palace.

ERIC WAIT *dances the part of the Drunken Fakir in the market scene of "The Brahman's Daughter," an Eastern Ballet.*

The Brahman's Daughter (MARIA BELITA) pleads with the Brahman (PHIL TAYLOR), disguised as a beggar, for the life of her lover, the British officer (HARRISON THOMPSON).

A group of the Old Witches in "Enchanted N... and...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON

OUSE AS AN ICE RINK:

S AT COVENT GARDEN.

Right: MARIA BELITA (the former Belita Jepson Turner) as the Witch in Gold, with PHIL TAYLOR as the Fire Devil, in the Witches' Den scene of "Enchanted Night."

The Brahman's Daughter (MARIA BELITA), wearing the rich dress suited to her rank, meets the British officer (HARRISON THOMPSON).

RHONA THAELL and PHIL TAYLOR as the Hindu girl and man in "The Brahman's Daughter."

Night." They are wearing fantastic head-dresses masks.

The dance of the Dervishes is a striking feature of "The Brahman's Daughter," the Eastern Ballet with music arranged by Ray Godderé.

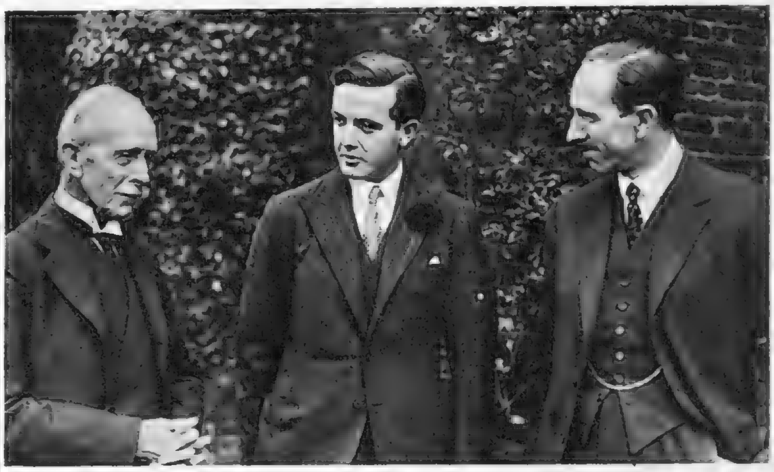
AND MERLYN SEVERN.

A PACKET OF NEWS BY PICTURES.

Left: The engagement of the HON. LYDIA YARDE-BULLER, *third daughter of the late Lord Churston, and of Mrs. Wessel, to Mr. Ian Archibald de Hoghton Lyle, eldest son of Sir Archibald Lyle, Bt., and Lady Lyle, of Glendelvine, Murthley, Perthshire, has been announced.*

When negotiating the opening and shutting of the five-barred gate at the Lord Leconfield's Hunt Hunter Trials, MRS. GOSCHEN *had to hold on by the lash of her crop, as her horse had taken fright and backed away during the proceedings.*

A fine action-picture from Lord Leconfield's Hunt Hunter Trials. MISS BETTY WADDINGTON *(nearest camera), on Silver Shaft, and* MISS JANET NEILSON, *on Cleopatra, are taking one of the jumps.*



The HON. ROBERT CECIL *(centre) has just attained his majority and was the guest of honour at a lunch at Hatfield House. The* MARQUESS OF SALISBURY *(left), his grandfather, and* VISCOUNT CRANBORNE, *his father, are seen on either side of him.*

T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *attended the christening of their first cousin once removed,* ANDREW ARNOLD LYON WILLS, *who is seen in the arms of his mother, the* HON. MRS. WILLS, *formerly the Hon. Jean Elphinstone.* MR. JOHN WILLS *is on the right. H.M. the Queen was godmother to her great-nephew. The Hon. Mrs. Wills stood proxy.*

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT, *daughter of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent, already takes a lively interest in everything. She is a lovely child, with huge blue eyes.*

LADY OF THE AIR.

This new portrait of MISS JEAN BATTEN *suggests the romantic side of her achievement. She is wearing her flying helmet and gazing out, apparently, across the vasty spaces of sea and land which she has traversed. Inset is her diamond aeroplane mascot brooch. By flying some 9900 miles from Darwin to Lympne in 5 days, 18 hours, and 15 minutes, she has reduced the record for the solo flight from Australia to England by 14 hours, 10 minutes. The previous record of 6 days, 8 hours, and 25 minutes was set up last May by Mr. H. F. Broadbent. Miss Batten has now established a new "there-and-back" Australia-England flight record. Her time for the outward journey in October last was 5 days, 21 hours.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROYE.

"GOLDEN JUBILEE" CONDUCTOR AND FAMOUS PIANIST.

Two great figures in the musical world—SIR HENRY WOOD *and* MR. BENNO MOISEIWITSCH—*are here posed together. Sir Henry Wood, our veteran conductor, so closely associated with the famous "Proms," celebrates his golden jubilee as a conductor on New Year's Day. He arranged to hold the bâton at the National Sunday League Concert at the London Palladium on October 31, and will conduct on March 2, 1938, at the London B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra concert. Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch was the soloist at the first London Symphony Orchestra concert last week under the Hungarian conductor Georg Szell.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON.

GREAT YOUNG VIOLINIST.

GUILA BUSTABO, *the girl violinist, was the soloist at the second of the Beecham Sunday Orchestral Concerts at Covent Garden, when Beethoven's Violin Concerto was given. Her performance was yet another proof of her remarkable skill, and was extremely interesting as illustrating the difference of the outlook of a young musician and that of one of mature experience. Beethoven demands insight and depth of understanding, and, though Miss Bustabo's playing of Paganini is perfect, her rendering of Beethoven will undoubtedly ripen as the years pass by.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

SHE wouldn't, you may tunefully remember, say "Yes" and she wouldn't say "No."

In Mr. Kenneth Horne's comedy at the Ambassadors Theatre, "YES AND NO," she obviously says both. One act shows what happened when the country rector's daughter refused the matrimonial offer of the boy about to leave for oil, income, and Persia, while the second shows the results of her acceptance. An epilogue shows that it did not matter either way. She was destined for the good curate all the time. Here is a brief and brittle bit of fun in which rectory life must be kept on the light fantastic toe of light comedy's dancing mood. It is so kept. The setting to partners does become a little monotonous before the end arrives, and the young lady's tendency to break into tears and wish she hadn't said what she did say strains all Miss Diana Churchill's resources. But the player faces the task grandly, and with Miss René Ray, as her sister-in-law and rival, helps to give us a first-rate piece of thoroughly English, pleasantly - mannered nonsense. To this end Mr. Denys Blakelock and Mr. Robert Eddison contribute splendidly. No praise could be too high for the absent-minded rector as portrayed by Mr. Felix Aylmer. If this isn't "the top" in contemporary comedy (farce and crazy fooling excepted), I would like to know the whereabouts of that other histrionic summit. Some people may say "No" to "Yes and No," but the majority, I hope, will be Yes-men.

Sherriffs' "Portrait of a Lady" from the small studio of the little Old Master Terborch: NORA SWINBURNE *as Maryka, a lady of definite quality. From* "THE LAUGHING CAVALIER," *at the Adelphi.*

"I ACCUSE," at the Q Theatre, was Mr. James Agate's adaptation of a German play about Zola's triumphant effort to get the Dreyfus case reopened. If you are old enough to remember the Dreyfus case or young enough to have learned it all from the films, I dare say the opening passages were clear enough. As I was in the nursery in the 'nineties and had not seen the film, I spent the early stages of the evening in a state of mild befuddlement as to what all the colonels in red pants were talking about. The veiled lady was a Greek to me. Then our authors set out to give us a French trial, and Mr. Ernie Lotinga, as Judge Josser, could not be more fantastic than the conduct of the Zola case. It is all true, I fully believe, for the French can be fantastic people. Zola and Anatole France, hating each other but determined to stand united on the Unpopular Front, were good company. Mr. Walter Devlin as Zola, Mr. Clarke Smith as Esterhazy, and Mr. George Skillan as Colonel Henry gave first-rate performances. Since the British public are not, as a rule, very good at history, we may be grateful for the reminder that militarism was not a monopoly of Prussia and that anti-Semitism was not invented by Germans.

It is sometimes said of a theatre, after a stormy first night, that the audience—or at least the gallery—"got all the notices." The newly redecorated Vaudeville Theatre certainly deserved, as it received, a word of praise. It is spacious and comfortable, and its new appearance achieves the simplicity without the harshness of modernism. It is neither in the old theatrical style of garish, brassy, knobbly over-decoration, nor in the new one, which suggests the too austere mixture of a workshop and a temple of the arts. This pleasant house reopened with Mr. Val Gielgud's "PUNCH AND JUDY," in which some successors of the character long ago endeared to us by Anthony Hope's Ruritanian romances were introduced. In the play is a Hentzau who is all shirt and shout, a Dictator *à la mode*. The trouble about this sort of noise and nuisance is that he has so thoroughly satirised himself in real life. On the stage he is too like the morning's news served up over again. Still, Mr. Frank Cellier is one of my favourite actors, and any part is a good one in which he appears.

He was sustained in office and in comfort by an American lady (Miss Carol Goodner), who paid for his bodyguard but would not supply him with the requisite family. Like most Dictators, he was roaring public commands to fertility; but he was slow to practise what he preached, and the citizens were not so cowed that they had forgotten how to laugh. What was to be done about that? Here was a chance for audacious comedy. The American had other admirers, English and Ruritanian. The Dictator had been publicly kissed by a lady-journalist. Something, for the Good of the State, might come of all this. Instead, there was revolution, and Hentzau got out of his magenta shirt and into the sombre suiting of a British City Gent. The play seemed about to replace the good old romantic values of Ruritania with new satirical ones. But it failed to keep its promise.

A truant from the school of Frans Hals: ARTHUR MARGETSON *as that fascinating but essentially vulgar character, "The Laughing Cavalier."*

Covent Garden, without the top notes and tiptoes of opera and ballet, remembers that we live in the new ice age. Glacial panorama is the vogue and here comes "RHAPSODY ON ICE." This kind of dancing has distinctive features. There is not room for great numbers, but there is room for great virtuosity. The principals are far ahead of the "*corps des patineuses*" in capacity. There cannot be the dancing steps, but there can be immense speed. So what you get is the horse-power as well as the poetry of motion. To a generation which is extremely speed-conscious, ice-ballet is an essential entertainment. Its spinning practitioners are not only extremely graceful. They come like a whip-crack and are gone with the wind. It was curious to have a Nautch ballet and see frozen India. The acrobatics of Phil Taylor and Belita are marvellous.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page x.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

ONE of the hardiest of screen-conventions has turned up again in the French submarine drama "NITCHEVO" (Berkeley), in which, true to tradition, a common peril unites two men who are divided by a private misunderstanding. Commander Cartier's beautiful wife has been involved before her marriage with a gun-running revolutionary agent, from whose clutches Lieutenant de Kergoet has helped her to escape. In guarding her secret, the lieutenant arouses his Commander's jealousy, and there is the familiar situation nicely prepared for the big scene. The development of the drama's earlier phases is spasmodic, and none too convincing, but the picture finds strength on and under the sea. When the submarine takes its last plunge, the action becomes taut and authentic. Fine photography emphasises the crew's escape by means of the Davis apparatus, and Harry Baur, whose performance throughout is an example of masterly restraint, lends the big, burly Commander a quiet authority that is both moving and impressive.

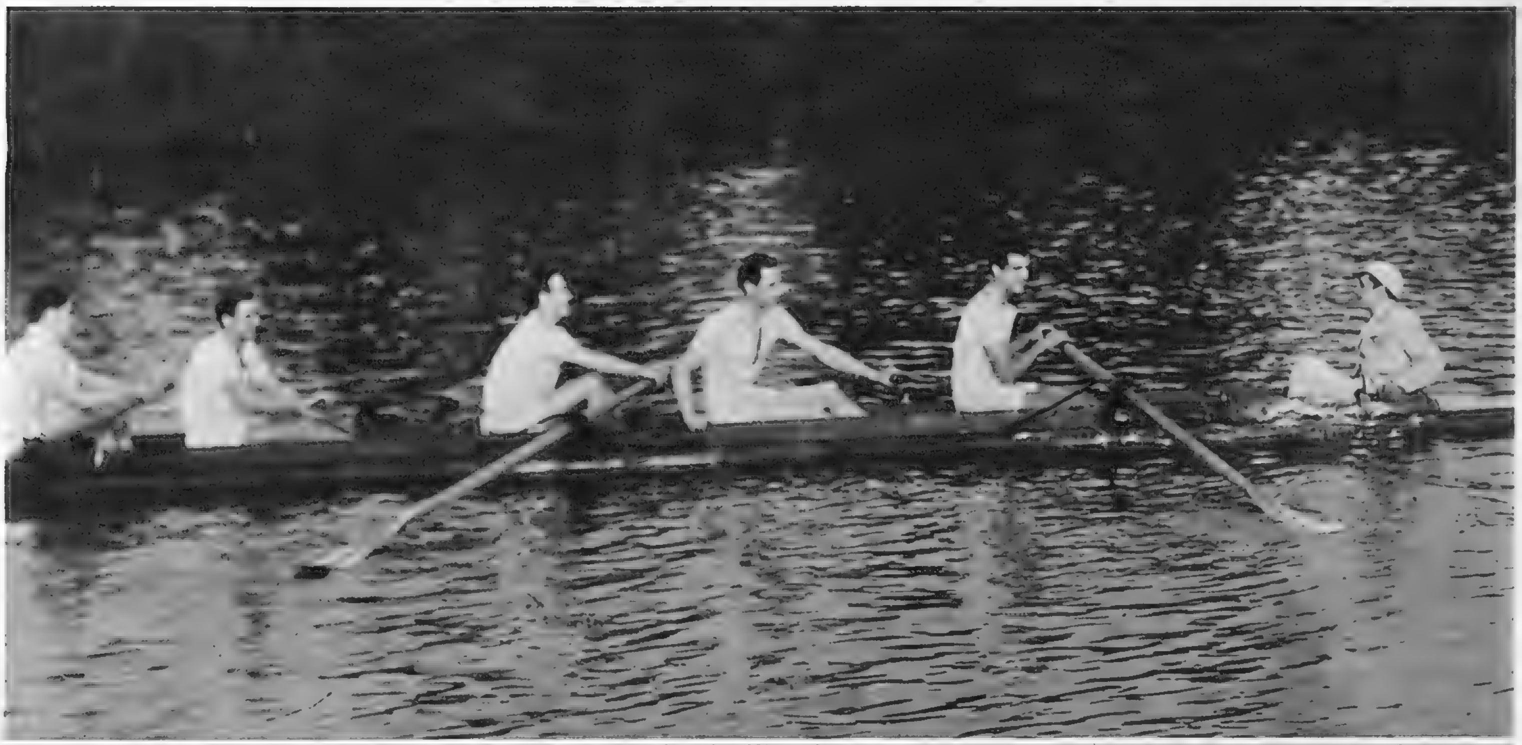
Mr. Paul Robeson, having conquered Africa's "Mighty Mountains" with his mightier voice, climbs to the top of a high sand-dune in "JERICHO" (New Gallery), for the express purpose of singing to the African desert. Well, well, there's no keeping a good man down, and certainly the rolling Robeson bass is good to listen to, whether on board an American troopship, where Jericho's heroism lands him into trouble, in a stolen fishing-boat, where the cheerful Wallace Ford pops up, or in the desert, where an ancient tribe, with a useful command of English, adopt the tall negro as their leader. He directs the great Salt-Trek, a picturesque event well recorded by the camera, defeats an enemy tribe, and settles down to a smiling domesticity, from which Harry Wilcoxon, though sorely in need of his evidence to clear his own name, has not the heart to pluck him. More convincing in its settings than in its subject, this colourful tale of adventure amongst the sheiks is popular entertainment.

"STELLA DALLAS" (Regal), a classic of the silent era that brought fame to Belle Bennett, has returned to the screen with Barbara Stanwyck in the title-rôle. A polished production, carefully directed by King Vidor, does full justice to its emotional situations, although there have been so many variants of its mother-love theme that its poignancy is somewhat dimmed. But the drama of a mill-girl who married out of her sphere, wrecked her marital happiness by her vulgarity, and nearly ruined her daughter's before she tricked the loyal child into leaving her, offers fine acting opportunities to its star. Miss Stanwyck's performance is vivid and well sustained. Her incorrigible vulgarity, however, seems to me assumed rather than ingrained, and her native shrewdness suggests a less heroic solution than renunciation. Anne Shirley's fresh and charming portrait of candid youth has an integrity that more than holds its own in a dramatic conflict mainly shared by mother and daughter, with good support from Alan Hale and John Boles.

The first Technicolor picture of the sea, "EBB TIDE" (Plaza), has borrowed its subject from Robert Louis Stevenson and its bright tints from the tropics. Flaming sunsets and brown-skinned South Sea islanders lend themselves amiably to colour treatment, but the production's real achievement in this respect lies in the enchanting beauty of its seascapes, of a rowing-boat riding the surf, and a tall ship with the wind in its sails. When the schooner is overtaken by a typhoon, colour comes triumphantly into its own, adding a wild splendour to the smother of foam on the decks, and menace to the darkening skies. The storm, an amazing piece of screen-craft, is helped to a thrilling realism by superb colour-photography. As to the story itself, it is a queer, rambling tale, splashed with moments of violence, but told in an odd, talkative fashion. Though pestilence, piracy and pilfered pearls should have provided a drama of swifter action, the play does, in a curious way, reflect the drifting lives of its derelict heroes. I can imagine a more flexible performance of the discredited Dutch captain than Oscar Homolka's, nor does Barry Fitzgerald's cringing and vicious little Cockney escape an Irish flamboyancy. Both, however, score by their vitality, whilst Ray Milland is sincere and manly as the handsome English exile. Frances Farmer, defending her commandeered schooner, strikes a clear and natural note, and Lloyd Nolan's smooth blend of cruelty and fanaticism emphasises the mystery of his uncharted island.

"Fed-up Man in Armour"—a good long way after a portrait by Rembrandt, bearing almost exactly the same title. This is CHARLES HESLOP *as Peter the Burgomaster of Harlem, and a soldier of no enthusiasm.*

An excellent story, packed with comic invention, clever direction by Marcel Varnel, and—last, but not least—the co-operation of the Southern Railway and the London and North Eastern Railway, have combined to launch Will Hay on a delightfully absurd and hectic career as a station-master at Buggleskelly, in "OH, MR. PORTER!" (Gaumont, Haymarket). The rural "halt" in Northern Ireland which the ambitious though muddle-headed Mr. Hay is determined to put on the map is neglected, generally ignored, and reputed to be haunted by the outraged owner of a windmill that tops a disused tunnel. The battered station, home of chickens, weeds, an ancient porter and a chubby lad, boasts one proud possession—the "Gladstone," twin-brother of the "Rocket." With the help of this venerable locomotive, Mr. Porter catches a cargo of gun-runners, and keeps going at top speed until the gallant "Gladstone" dashes to its death on the Belfast buffers, but delivers the crooks into the hands of the law. The old Victorian engine gone berserk is a joyous sight to see. Masterly timing adds thrills to comedy, and the headlong journey is an exciting climax to a thoroughly jolly picture.



WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. ROBERT TAYLOR — For Rowing for Cardinal College, Oxford, at Runnymede and, it may be, giving his Dry-Bob Fans the Chance of Echoing "Ouida" by Saying "But None Rowed Faster Than Stroke"

MR. ROBERT TAYLOR'S *athletic prowess is a feature of his new film, "A Yank at Oxford," which is being shot at the Denham, Bucks, Studios for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British Studios. He has to stroke the winning Head of the River crew and, during the last few weeks, has been receiving instructions in rowing from "Bossy" Phelps, the well-known University Boat Race waterman. Three crews are seen—Balliol, Brasenose, and the imaginary Cardinal, for which Mr. Taylor rows. It will be remembered that the famous "Ouida," who lived before the days of rowing girls, was the author of the celebrated "howler": "But none rowed faster than stroke." Mr. Robert Taylor's hosts of admirers may include one or two who are equally unconversant with a Wet Bob's activities.*

"ONCE A HERO," *Columbia picture, introduces a party with film stars as guests—but they are not themselves, but other actors made up to look like them! This is in accordance with the requirements of the plot. Tim Bart (Richard Dix), a star who has fallen on evil days, wishes to redeem his promise to Billy (Billy Burrud), to ask him to meet the film stars, and so stages this sham celebrity party. Virginia Rendell appears as Mae West.*

CAROL DIETRICH *(no relative) as Marlene Dietrich.*

MARGARET BRYSON *succeeds in looking almost exactly like Loretta Young.*

Here SYLVIA LAMARR, *made up as Joan Crawford, and* HOWARD BRUCE *as Edward Arnold are with Tim Bart* (RICHARD DIX; *right) and Billy* (BILLY BURRUD).

JAMES MAY *gives an imitation of W. C. Fields, and* FRANKIE FARR *masquerades as Eddie Cantor.*

In this group are MARGARET BRYSON *as Loretta Young,* FRANK BROWN *as Harold Lloyd,* MAXIME JEROME *as Bette Davis,* MARY MINER *as Irene Dunne.* FRANKIE FARR *as Eddie Cantor, and* EUGENE DE VERDI *as Charlie Chaplin. They are chatting to* RICHARD DIX, *who plays Tim Bart, the hero.*

Here are (l. to r.) DOC DEARBORN *(actually the star's stand-in) as William Powell,* JOAN SEALE *as Jean Harlow,* CAROL DIETRICH *as Marlene Dietrich,* SYLVIA LAMARR *as Joan Crawford,* BILLY BURRUD *as Billy,* RICHARD DIX *as himself in the film rôle of Tim Bart, and* EUGENE DE VERDI *as Charlie Chaplin.*

FILM ACTORS MASQUERADING AS FILM STARS IN A NEW FILM.

THE STAGE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT— AND THE REAL: SIZZLING SATIRE FOR THE NEW DEAL.

The STAGE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: Mr. George M. Cohan.

The REAL MISS FRANCES PERKINS, Secretary of Labour.

PLAYGOERS in the United States of America have been convulsed with merriment over the new musical satire, "I'D RATHER BE RIGHT," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, produced at Boston before going to New York. In this piece, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and the members of the Cabinet and of the Supreme Court, are introduced, and, to quote an American newspaper, the authors "flick the hide off the New Deal with barbed wit and sharp jests. . . ."

The STAGE MISS PERKINS and PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: Miss Bijou Fernandez and Mr. George M. Cohan.

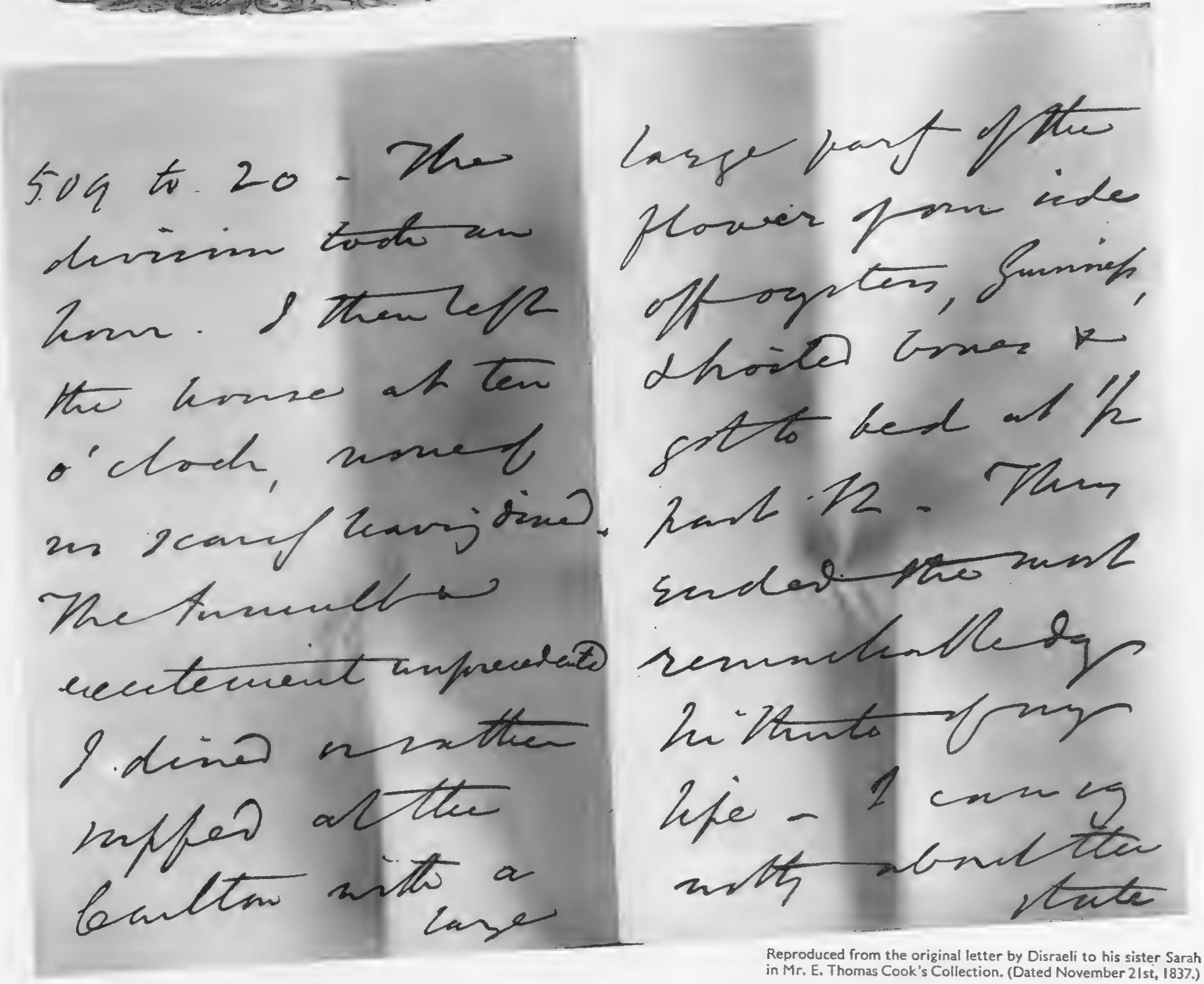
The STAGE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: Mr. George M. Cohan delivering "a fireside chat."

The STAGE PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: Mr. George M. Cohan explaining the National Budget to Miss Joy Hodges and Mr. Austin Marshall.

The REAL PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: a series of studies of Mr. Roosevelt delivering some of his much-discussed speeches.

SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

November 20th, 1837.



509 to 20 – The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult & excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large large part of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, & broiled bones & got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life – I can say nothing about the state

Reproduced from the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah in Mr. E. Thomas Cook's Collection. (Dated November 21st, 1837.)

"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

Guinness and Oysters are good for you

G.E.682

EDGAR WALLACE'S UNDERWORLDLINGS ON THE SCREEN: "THE SQUEAKER"; WITH ANN TODD AND EDMUND LOWE.

MISS ANN TODD *plays Carol Stedman in the London Film Production of Edgar Wallace's drama* "THE SQUEAKER," *due at the London Pavilion on November 8. Carol is engaged to Frank Sutton, who is apparently a respectable business man. In reality, he is a criminal.*

TAMARA DESNI *takes the part of Tamara Kashma, the clever young dancer of the Leopards' Club, much frequented by underworld celebrities. She is in love with Larry Graeme, a crook.*

Another study of TAMARA DESNI *as Tamara, the dancer. Her crook lover is killed by the mysterious Squeaker, whose identity puzzles police and criminals, and she helps the police to bring the murderer to justice and to unravel the problem*

Left: Barrabal (EDMUND LOWE), *the ex-detective whose love of drink has ruined him, begs Superintendent Marshall* (STEWART ROME) *for a chance to make good.*

Right: Carol Stedman (ANN TODD) *meets Barrabal, then masquerading as Captain John Leslie* (EDMUND LOWE), *and, in spite of his ragged condition, is attracted by him.*

Frank Sutton (SEBASTIAN SHAW; *right*), *the criminal fiancé of Carol* (ANN TODD), *realises that he has a rival in "Captain John Leslie," alias Barrabal* (EDMUND LOWE).

Larry Graeme (ROBERT NEWTON) *discusses with the mysterious Squeaker the price to be paid for stolen jewels.*

SOUTH AFRICA

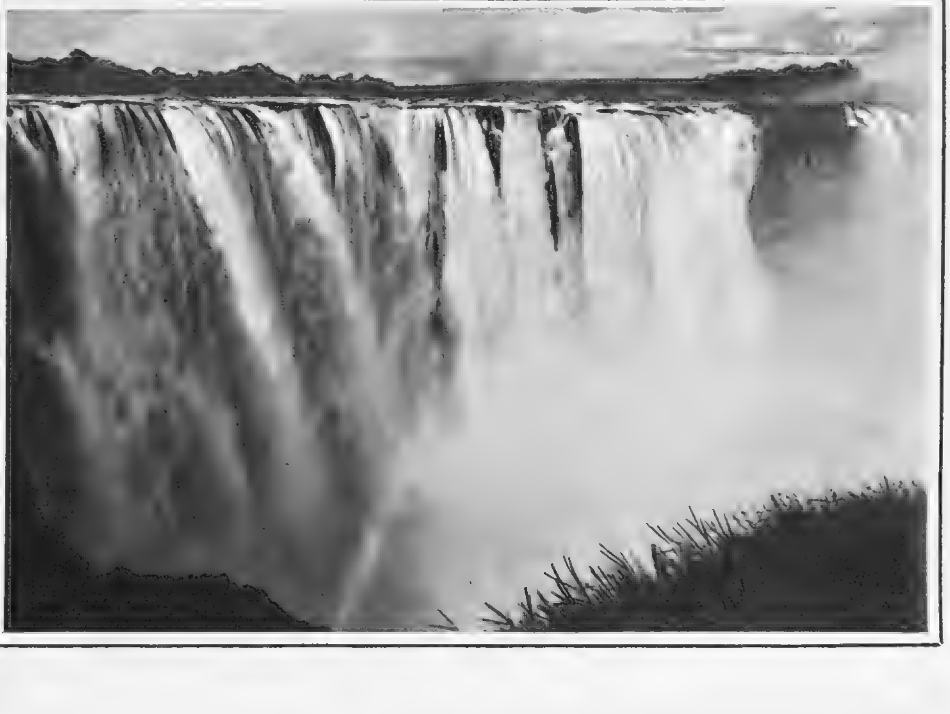
CONTEMPORARY history is casting rather a shadow on the gaiety of the recognised European resorts. Those faced with the problem of where else to go to escape the prospect of the wet Winter forecast might well break new ground by visiting South Africa.

A trip there need not make excessive demands on time or pocket; and when you return Winter will be a happy memory of warmth and new experiences.

Descriptive brochures and other particulars may be obtained from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or the principal Travel Agencies.

Above : A Scene in the Kruger National Park.

Below : The Greatest River Wonder, The Victoria Falls, Southern Rhodesia.



THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

IF one spent all one's time in the country, or all one's time in town, clothes would present few problems. It is the in-between days that cause complications. Not very serious, it is true, for a faultlessly cut suit or coat can hold its own on any occasion.

Kenneth Durward, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, London, W., can make these fashion-conscious tailored clothes to perfection. Look at the coat which we have photographed on this page. In light-weight mohair cloth, the lustrous hairs just breaking the tone of the black, brown or navy ground, it has an intricately curved yoke and a back that is full enough to fall with a swing. The adaptable collar can be worn closely fastened about the throat or slightly open, and the price is eight guineas, ready to wear.

The Glenurquhart Saxony suit sketched above is in nigger and white with a green overcheck. It has a classic coat, a skirt with a pleat at the side-front and back, and it can be made to measure from ten guineas.

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

JOHN EVERARD

HERE, photographed above, is a town hat for the woman who loves good, clean lines even when she is wearing furs. In black velvet, the stitched and stiffened brim rises straight from the brow and folds back, very like a cuff, on to the soft cap-like shallow crown. Nothing could be more effective than this simple and sophisticated model, which comes from Scott's, of 1, Old Bond Street, W.

SCOTT'S is so much more than a hat shop. It is part of the traditional London, and in it one expects to find hats that are the perfect complement to tailored clothes that have won the admiration of the world. On the right is a felt hat in leather-tan with a green petersham ribbon round the high crown which is stitched back on to itself at the front. The line of the brim could not be better, and the hat is typical of the many distinguished models that make up their very interesting new winter Collection.

TOWN - INTO - COUNTRY CLOTHES

AN ENCHANTING DINNER and DANCE DRESS with a NEW SILHOUETTE

LACE, SATIN, and the softest ANGORA

JOHN EVERARD

HERE is a perfect dress for the Christmas party season—and for all the rest of the winter. Gay enough for a dance, demure enough for a quiet dinner, it has great individuality and charm. The full skirt of fine black lace stresses the slenderness of the slip, and the bolero, slit at the back and tied with rouleaux at the neck, veils a corsage draped half in pink satin and half in Nattier blue angora. But its real triumph lies in the way in which it flatters the figure—and in its price, which is fifteen and a-half guineas at Liberty's, of Regent Street, London, W.

In addition to the exquisite shawls for which Liberty's have always been famous they have a wonderful collection of evening coats, some long and grand, in velvet, or in metal woven taffeta, and many half-length, made in lamés, with some particularly good short full coats in satin and in silver and gold metal fabrics. So perfectly blended are the colours that it is impossible to describe them, but they are really lovely.

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., Ltd., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN "Eggs and Baker," Mr. John Masefield told the story of an idealistic baker who was out of tune with the order of society, as illustrated in country and provincial life, in the eighteen-seventies. The hero of "The Square Peg" is this baker's grandson, and he, too, is a kind of revolutionary, though a different kind from his grandfather. The possession of wealth does not always prevent people feeling or expressing a grievance against the rich, as many wealthy communists among us freely testify. But Robert Frampton Mansell, inventor and manufacturer of the Mansell gun, did not belong to that order of rich men. He did not grudge others their money, but he disliked the use they put it to. Having bought and restored Mullples, a beautiful ruined house in the heart of a hunting district, he proceeded to preserve Spirr Wood as a sanctuary for wild animals. Now Spirr Wood was, one might almost say, the Mecca of the local hunt, and they bitterly resented Mansell's action in closing it. The struggle between the newcomer and his sporting neighbours is the principal *motif* of the book.

Some Reflections on Sport.

Mansell was a relentless fellow, all will-power and driving force, and circumstances had soured his nature. His bride-to-be, for whom he had bought Mullples, at whose request he had acquired Stirr Wood for a sanctuary, was killed in a motor accident on the eve of their marriage. An intensely emotional man, he had no object now for his emotion; but it welled up all the same, and fed on hatred almost as ravenously as it had fed on love. Sir Peter Bynd, the chief local landowner (a well-drawn character), would have humoured him; but Lady Bynd and all the other notabilities of the district met his humanitarian schemes with fury and defiance, and turned what might have remained a whim into a passion.

"I loathe sport because it is based on cruelty. No man would tolerate the torture of sport if he would consider it. Think of the outcry there would be if, I will not say grown men and women, but boys were to chase a cat, or a dog, or a pony, with dogs. It would be counted an infamy, and the boys would be birched by the magistrate's order, or have their souls examined by some analyst. Yet sportsmen (grown men and women, mind you; mature beings) are permitted to run stags, foxes and otters to death in every county of the land. These same people are quick enough to raise a stir, if some lout or brute draws a badger, or has a main of cocks. Then they 'll hunt a stag or a fox or an otter till he drops, and boast of it in the Press for years, especially if a few horses are killed. 'Grand day with the Tunster: Stag takes to sea: Seven couple of hounds drowned': you know the kind of tosh. And then the tripe about all these fellows being born cavalry officers. . . ."

Thus Mansell fulminates, and the "county" replies as effectively as it can. But he wins all along the line. When the hunt trespass on his land, he summons them, and obtains redress. He answers insult with insult. He is much cleverer than they. "I 'll make them squirm," is his motto, and squirm they do. But a man of his energy could not content himself with being always in opposition. He has constructive ideas. He will erect a factory (spite had its hand in this) on a waste hitherto used only for hunting, and make model dwellings for his workpeople. He will present the village of Stubbington with a worthy war memorial, figures carved by a brilliant but unrecognised sculptor. Here his foes have a momentary success: they secure the rejection of the statues. But Mansell wins again; he stages an exhibition in London of the sculptor's work, and the rejected statues receive the praise of all the critics, who have also some sharp things to say about philistinism in the high places of Stubbington. And so Mansell goes ahead, an unpopular benefactor, cut by the county, but always getting his own way until, at last, a coincidence of coincidences restores to him the facsimile of what he had lost.

An Inconsistency?

I was prepared for another ending; I thought the rising tide of Mansell's resentment would finally engulf him, and not his foes. *Saeva indignatio* carries its own dangers, and Mansell might easily have ended as an embittered and ineffective crank. But such is not Mr. Masefield's idea. His attitude toward Mansell is as robust as was that of the "gunfella" to his victims. The square peg establishes itself in the round hole and the hole has to conform — to its own ultimate advantage. Only the hunt, presumably, were the losers.

St. Margaret's [Mansell's colony] is a beautiful place. . . its first suggestion was a desire to hurt; its first impulse was one of indignation. Indignation has been said to be the voice of God, at whose bidding so many angels rush with fire and the beauty of lilies and songs of exultation.

Perhaps; but I cannot help feeling that Mansell's indignation was not altogether righteous; a good deal of petty spite and vindictiveness entered into it. Indeed, it is the exploitation of these qualities (on both sides) that gives the story its bite and sting. Mr. Masefield is exceedingly unkind to the hunting fraternity, especially to its women representatives —

They smoked the same kind of cigarette, each with the same air of not liking it but being unable to do without it, and all those

[Continued on page VIII.

ELIZABETH RHYS, *here seen in the arms of her mother,* LADY ANNE RHYS, *wore a robe which was given by Queen Victoria to Lady Holmpatrick, sister of the third and fourth Dukes of Wellington, at her christening in St. George's, Hanover Square. The* HON. DAVID RHYS *is holding his son,* LLEWELLYN RHYS, *who does not seem altogether satisfied with life in either of our studies! H.M. the Queen is a godmother to little Elizabeth Maud Rhys, and was represented at the christening by Countess Spencer. The other godparents were the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess of Normanby, Lady Brocket, Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. Gwynne, and Viscountess Fitzharris.*

Haig in every Home

Don't be Vague ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

If it were possible to take a census of opinion upon which is the most famous golf-course in the world, I believe the vote would be overwhelmingly in favour of the Old Course at St. Andrews. Even those who have never played over the classic links have read or been told so much about it that all golfers doubtless feel that they have some knowledge of St. Andrews, and would allow loyalty to their home club to be overridden by the opinion of more experienced players.

This group shows the four famous golfers who competed in the "200 Guineas Challenge Match" at the new Goring Hall course, near Angmering. They were (l. to r.) REGINALD WHITCOMBE *(Parkstone); his partner,* HENRY COTTON *(Ashridge), England's reigning Champion;* A. M. CHEVALIER *(Reddish Vale); and* E. E. WHITCOMBE *(Meyrick Park). Reginald Whitcombe and Cotton beat their opponents by seven up and six to play.*

And yet the championship links has been called everything unprintable by disappointed competitors, "cow-pasture" being a mild epithet. As a matter of actual fact, it was once a rabbit-warren, or at least was let as such by a local butcher, and only after litigation were the St. Andrews golfers able to regain their full rights of the links. But that really has nothing to do with the Old Course as it exists to-day. It is surely the most subtle and the most tantalising golf-course in the world. Bobby Jones declared it to be anything but a golf-course when he tore up his card in his first Open Championship there. But, like those who get to know the links intimately, he thinks to-day that it is the finest course on which he has ever played.

Restless Spirit of Progress. I think it fair to say that almost every golfer playing over the Old Course for the first time is a little disappointed with it. It seems to lack the grandeur of some seaside links, and the handicap player soon discovers that he may top and hook his shots to his heart's content—or discontent—without getting into very serious difficulties. It is on more intimate acquaintance, when one plays direct for the flag, only to discover the ball in a bunker or some other difficulty, that one begins to realise the subtleties and charm of the links. Nevertheless, the restless spirit of progress which demands change and novelty has invaded St. Andrews. Recently, under the guidance of Sir John Simon, former Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, it was decided to revise the constitution for the government of the game. Norman Boase, the Chairman of the Club, told me that St. Andrews realised the necessity for keeping pace with the march of progress, and that the changes which now give representation to other golf authorities on the Rules of Golf and Championship committees were made with this in view. Similarly, the immediate appointment of a special sub-committee responsible for the selection of players to represent Britain in the Walker Cup match at St. Andrews next year was made in deference to the unanimous desire that St. Andrews shall govern golf, with a full realisation of modern requirements.

A New St. Andrews? Now comes the most important proposal of all for modernising St. Andrews. It is suggested that an entirely new eighteen-holes course shall be constructed. There are now four eighteen-hole courses at St. Andrews, besides several putting courses, but the idealists have the idea that a course on a much more ambitious scale should be constructed. There is much to be said in favour of the project. At the moment, the Old Course is by far the most popular—and therefore overworked—of the four. There have been occasions when it has been found necessary to close the links entirely for a short while, in order that its scars may be repaired. Apart from that, however, it must have occurred to those playing on the Old Course for the first time that either the sea has receded a long way, or else the original St. Andrews golfers had a somewhat hazy idea of seaside golf. After leaving the first green, one gets only an occasional glimpse of the sea during the round. The New and the Jubilee courses are both on the sea side of the Old Course most of the way, while there is an expanse of gorse and sandhills even nearer the coastline which invites the golf architect to schemes of creation.

Cambridge University, in the first match of the term, beat Royal Wimbledon Club by 10 matches to 7 at Wimbledon. MR. G. G. D. CARTER *(left), the Cambridge captain, and his partner,* MR. T. S. WINTON, *won their foursome against Mr. Rutherford and Mr. S. Hill, but Mr. Carter was defeated by Mr. Hill in the singles in the afternoon.*

Achievement or Ideal. Sooner or later it had to come, and now there is a serious proposal before the authorities to construct a super course on that virgin land which offers such great possibilities. It is suggested that this glorious golfing country—and, indeed, such it appears—might be employed for a golf-course which even the most modern critics would hail as a triumph worthy of the premier club. The first teeing-ground of the proposed links would be adjacent to the first green of the Old Course; part of the New and Jubilee courses would be incorporated in the lay-out of the proposed course, and the scheme would therefore entail slight modification of these. Whether the proposal will ever reach fruition or be lost among the dreams of idealists I cannot say, but I imagine there will be no vigorous opposition if the cost of such a course can be met. Built on modern lines, and on such ideal land, there seems to be no doubt that the proposed course could provide one of the best tests in the world of golfing skill. It may never be possible to rob the Old Course of its own peculiar, almost insidious, charm, but the newcomer would add rather than detract from its greatness. The matter is yet only in its discussion stage, and it may be a few years before the course is constructed, but preliminary overtures have been so far successful that its sponsors are rightly optimistic.

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"AND before I knew where I was," said The Astonished Broker, "I was There!"

"Where's there?" asked The Engineer.

"On a sort of leather couch, with a black leather band round one of my arms and a good-looking young man pumping air through a tube."

"Blood-pressure test," nodded The Engineer. "Nice sort of game to play on an elderly broker just recovering from a Yankee slump."

"That shows you what happens if you send in insurance companies' enquiry forms. I only did it out of curiosity, and—what happened?"

"I know. A gentleman called upon you next day; filled up a family history form with your great-grandmother's cause of death, etcetera; made an appointment on your own telephone for you with the Company's doctor and behold! you were stretched out on the couch——"

"*Ex* my dressing-gown."

"—before you realised that an enterprising insurance company was taking a paternal interest in you."

"It was bewildering," said The Broker. "It was absolutely——"

"—good business. And then you suddenly realised how greatly under-insured you were, and decided that you'd better have a bit more on."

"I jolly soon dressed myself, if that's what you're hinting at."

"Not at all. I simply inferred that you found you wanted more cover. No, no; please don't harp on this misunderstanding. Now, didn't you?"

"Well, if you will be so infernally inquisitive, I did take out another policy. (Possibly I felt rather bucked at being passed as a first-class life.) But I hadn't the least intention of doing so when I wrote for the Company's terms. I was just rushed into it."

"For which you will be thankful ever after: take my word for it."

"What does it matter to you? You're not one of my legatees."

"What care you how fair he be,
If he be not fair to thee?"

chanted The Jobber. "It's amusing, all the same, and the insurance companies deserve all they get."

"The shares of the principal concerns don't give you much of a yield on your money."

"Which shows how highly most investors think of the security they afford," was The City Editor's platitude. "What's more, an insurance company can put up its dividend. That's more than an English bank will."

"Of course it can. What is to prevent any bank raising its dividend?"

"Just this, my Innocent-at-Home. Banks pay pretty high rates of dividend now; and if they increased them there would be an outcry at once from your ultra-Socialist friends."

"But the Midland Bank's new issue of shares is as good as an extra dividend."

"Better. Because you can either take up the shares at the price you're offered them, in which case you will get eight per cent. return on your money; or you can sell the rights at a handsome premium."

"I wonder whether other banks will do the same sort of thing? And I take it that you can't have a safer investment of their kind than bank shares?"

"You might find it difficult to discover any sounder. The prices gave way a shade in the slump, but they pretty soon recovered."

"About the only shares that didn't go down were those in the electric-lighting market. I don't believe they budged a ha'penny all the time. There's a lesson for you!"

"'Elucidate yourself, boy. Elucidate yourself.'"

"Listen, then, half-a-Mose. Bank shares, insurance and electric lighting kept their tails up——"

"And their heads."

"Kept their whole figures erect at the time when everything else seemed in the melting-pot."

"I myself," confessed The Jobber, "was nearly in the glue-pot."

"There is no necessity to drag your personal affairs into this. What I say is that the steadiness in those particular things went to show that they're about as solid investments as you can find."

"Well," said The Jobber, "supposing that they are. What of it, I'd like to know?"

"I think," retorted The Broker, with his usual straining after a cheap irony, "this shows that your mind must have been created before the discovery of slow motion."

"Let me think that out. Are you trying to be politely rude, or merely humorous?"

"You talk of sound investments," said The Merchant, "but to my mind, Ranks shares take a lot of beating."

"Ranks? The millers?"

"Yes; the ordinary shares. They return about four-pounds-thirteen on the money, and it's an extraordinarily safe concern."

"Supposing the price of wheat goes up?"

"Bread is put up to correspond. There are no fireworks about the shares, but they make a fine permanent investment."

"Isn't Joseph Rank supposed to be about the richest man in England?"

"I've heard that. And I'm told that he gave something huge to one of the big Nonconformist funds not long ago. Never a word came out in any of the papers, so far as I know."

"Strange; if true. That's how I should like to give it myself, if I had the means. But you want a tidy bit of money to do that sort of thing. I've got my rates to pay next month, otherwise——"

"A bold and venturesome speculator like yourself," The City Editor rallied him, "can always pay his rates out of gambling. Sure-ly?"

"Sure lie," repeated The Jobber. "It's true that I might have been worse off by a few humble coppers if I hadn't taken the precaution to buy West Africans——"

"At the bottom?"

"I came in on the mezzanine, perhaps. It's very seldom I take our tips——"

"Hence this nice new overcoat? That waist-line is very svelte: isn't that the word?"

"It was, before the war, I believe. As a matter of fact, this coat has yet to be paid for. Any suggestions for a gamble?"

"Nickel or Steel."

"Buy them; or sell?"

"It doesn't matter. If they happen to be flat this morning, buy fifty of each."

"They might go lower."

"Ah, that's exactly the argument which stopped you and me from making our fortunes when everything came unstuck two or three weeks ago. We might now have been rolling in riches instead of lolling in trains. Champion Idiot Number One I call myself for missing such a chance of retirement."

"You might have retired to Carey Street instead of the Athenæum Club," The City Editor suggested. "Things did look pretty dicky, didn't they?"

"And that's the time when the fat old millionaires get into their bath-chairs and come down to the Stock Exchange to make more millions by picking up stock at bargain prices."

"No doubt. But would you like to be a fat old millionaire condemned to bath-chairs and Vichy water?"

"I wouldn't mind giving it a trial for a week or so, provided I got all right again later on."

"It must give you a glorious thrill to think of the newspaper publishing your will with, say, £250,000 to your credit."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer would get more thrill out of it than I should. What is Parliament going to do about the bucket-shops?"

"Parliament," said The Broker, "will pass some unintelligible law whose effect will be to enable the bucket-shops to evade it with perfect ease."——"Shouldn't wonder. The bucket-shops have been quietish of late, I've noticed."

"But I am inundated," said The City Editor, "and I suppose you are too, with circulars from people who want me to take an interest in land and property concerns. It's the old cry: Bricks and mortar for safety. Tax-free payment of interest. Absolute security. You probably know the lingo as well as I do."

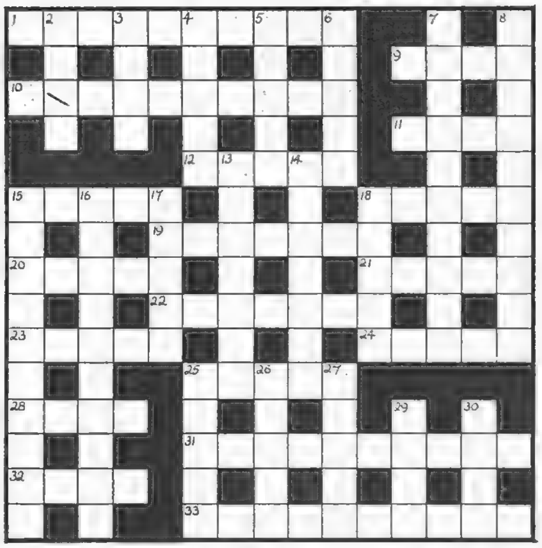
The Engineer said he had received a dozen within a month.

"Only a dozen? Have you taken a hand?" asked The Merchant.

"Not me! The good building societies are all right, but these other property things I leave to the people who know most about them. War Loan isn't exciting but it is safe, at any rate."

"No fireworks there, either. It's on Friday, my dear, that you Remember, Remember, the Fifth of November!"—*Friday, Oct. 29, 1937.*

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. A villainous negro sentry? (10).
9. To execute twice a bird already dead (4).
10. Provisional title for a monster novelist! (10).
11. Costume turned round for a boast (4).
12. Varieties of colour (5).
15. Waterfalls in miniature (5).
18. This slight burn would suggest monkey business to the Frenchman (5).
19. Batsman number eleven usually is (7).
20. Continue performing in a quilted cotton vest (5).
21. Without this, it's ineffectual (5).
22. A bun broken inside a farm animal is actually a warship (7).
23. These were not Achilles' strong point (5).
24. To invest with goods (5).
25. Chopped suggestion that the fellow got married (5).
28. Lower your head to get the bird (4).
31. See No. 33 (10).
32. Uniform time? (4).
33. There seems little difference between these and No. 31—especially to the punter who always backs the favourite (10).

DOWN.

2. The weaving bird (4).
3. Not made, according to the poet, by iron bars (4).
4. Small mammal upsetting No. 10, for example (5).
5. Painful source of the oak (5).
6. Indecisive pulls (5).
7. With this vehicle one need not worry as to the position of the aces (three words) (4, 2, 4).
8. Lanky poet (10).
13. Tin seen in violent shape (7).
14. Flower—perhaps as a result of bad harvests in India and Ceylon (7).
15. This reptile should be able to supply a dead reckoning (two words) (5, 5).
16. Chaste roué (Anagram) (10).
17. Bird cries (5).
18. The pomp of the body politic (5).
25. Whined or sharpened (5).
26. Do this bet for the widow (5).
27. Language that is half gibberish (5).
29. Just light-headed? (4).
30. Only myself and a sapper (4).

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A NOBLE ancestry is only of value if it confers upon the present heirs those qualities of good-breeding that are expected of such descent . . . " The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." The English have an instinct for breeding well, as they have for commerce (are they not, indeed, stock-breeders to the world?). And hand in hand with it there goes — must go — a strong sense of tradition, that pervades even the daily routine. Your Worthington has a long and honourable ancestry—yet its golden richness is as pure to-day as when it was first entered in the stud-book of good English things.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE limousine is a type of car that will never go out of fashion. Indeed, with the increase in prosperity and the trend towards larger cars, many more people are employing chauffeurs. There is also another aspect of the case. If one spends, say, £1200 on the limousine, plus £150 or so on chauffeur's wages, the outlay for one year alone is £1350. If, on the other hand, a limousine is purchased for less than £400, the first year's outlay, with chauffeur's wages, becomes very reasonable.

Although the new Hillman "Fourteen" has recently been much in the news, it must not be forgotten that the Hillman Company makes a very excellent seven-seater limousine, known as the 21-h.p. Hillman "80." This sells at the extraordinarily reasonable price of £395, and is taxed at only fifteen guineas a year. It has a six-cylinder engine of over 3 litres capacity, rated at 20·9 h.p., and weighs only 35¼ cwt. It is a long-wheelbase job, ensuring adequate comfort, yet it is not at all an unwieldy vehicle.

Generally speaking, I do not care much for driving large limousines, for they have a tendency to sway on corners, appear cumbersome in traffic, and lack the liveliness to which one is accustomed in more compact family saloons. Yet I thoroughly enjoyed driving this Hillman "80." It was really lively, capable of well over 70 m.p.h., and held the road like the proverbial leech. The well-known "Evenkeel" suspension is no doubt partly responsible for the steadiness on corners and rough surfaces, but the stiff chassis-frame of box section is an important factor. In addition, it gives a rigid foundation for the body, which consequently stays free from rattles over a long term of years.

Thanks to the long wheelbase, the driver has ample room and is not cramped forward over the wheel as in so many chauffeur-driven cars. Except for the extra length, which one has to bear in mind when reversing, one does not ordinarily realise that one is in anything larger than the normal saloon. The top-gear performance is notable. The car will slow down to as low as 5 m.p.h. without snatch in the transmission, and will accelerate smoothly and without hesitation from this speed. All ordinary main-road hills can be easily taken on top gear, and on the lower ratios a quite striking performance can be put up. The acceleration from 10 to 30 m.p.h. on top gear is done in 9·1 seconds, which is extremely good, especially when the size and weight of the car are taken into account. Tests have shown that gradients as much as 1 in 8 can be approached at only 20 m.p.h. or so, and can yet be climbed on top gear, even though the speed drops almost to walking pace. Gradients of 1 in 6 or so can be climbed easily on third gear at about 30 m.p.h.

In town driving, all ordinary street-corners can be taken without changing down from top gear, and the same applies to driving in dense traffic. Many of the less expensive types of petrol can be used without pinking. On the open road the car will cruise comfortably at a steady 60 m.p.h., a great point this when a long journey has to be made.

The brakes, I found, were very satisfactory. They operate mechanically, and in all normal circumstances are light in application. There is no tendency for any of the wheels to lock, while the hand-brake holds the car firmly, even on gradients of 1 in 4.

MAJOR RONALD MAUDE, *of the Standard Car Co.,* MRS. R. MAUDE, *and* CAPTAIN J. P. BLACK, *managing director, Standard Car Co., are here seen at the Standard Car Owners' Club dinner and dance at the Park Lane Hotel.*

The AUSTIN "TWELVE ASCOT" SALOON *is priced at £230. One of these delightful cars is here seen at Birling Gap.*

The vision from the driving-seat is good, and the steering-wheel is correctly situated.

There is, of course, the usual drop-down glass division between the front and rear compartments, but with the division lowered one might be in an ordinary large saloon with occasional seats, and conversation between all members of the party is easy. An excellent unusual feature of this car is that there is a substantial luggage-locker in addition to the usual platform obtained by lowering its lid: on only too many limousines the back panel is flat, and there is no specially designed locker for carrying suit-cases. There is a remarkable degree of luxury for so inexpensive a car, for the upholstery of the rear compartment is in cloth, with a sheepskin rug on the floor. Altogether, this is a very pleasant car, and should meet the needs of all those who desire a chauffeur-driven limousine which they can, on occasions, handle themselves with enjoyment.

The 25-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY TOWN *and* COUNTRY SALOON *is fitted with the new balanced drive. It is priced at £595.*

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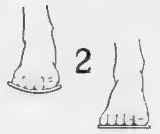

2. The inner sole of most shoes is curved, squeezing toes and joints together. You walk in a trough.

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3. The raised heel throws your weight forward, putting an unnatural strain on the forward (or metatarsal) arch.

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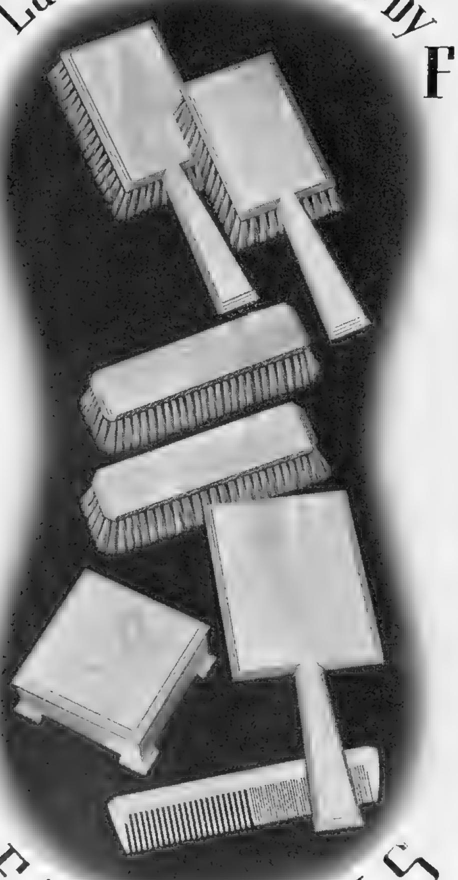

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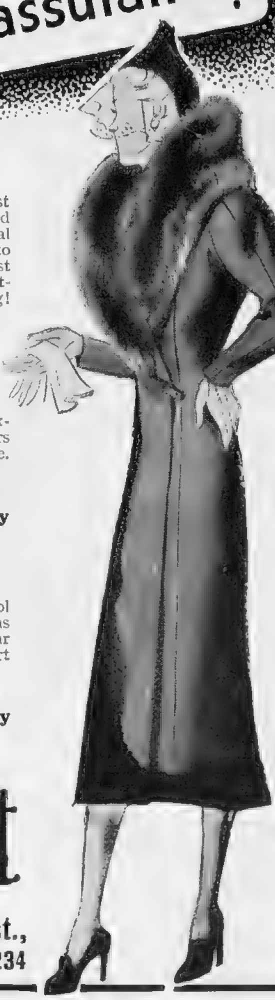

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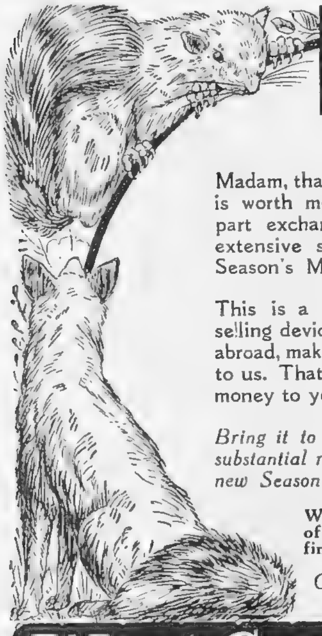

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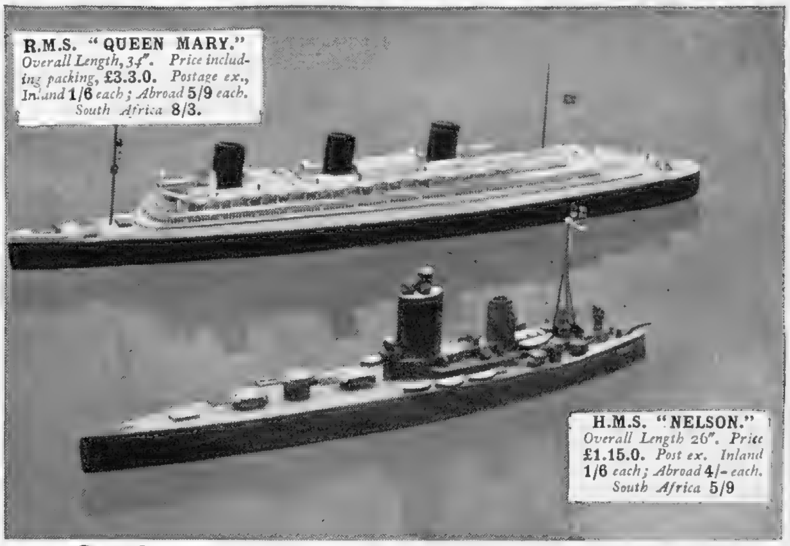

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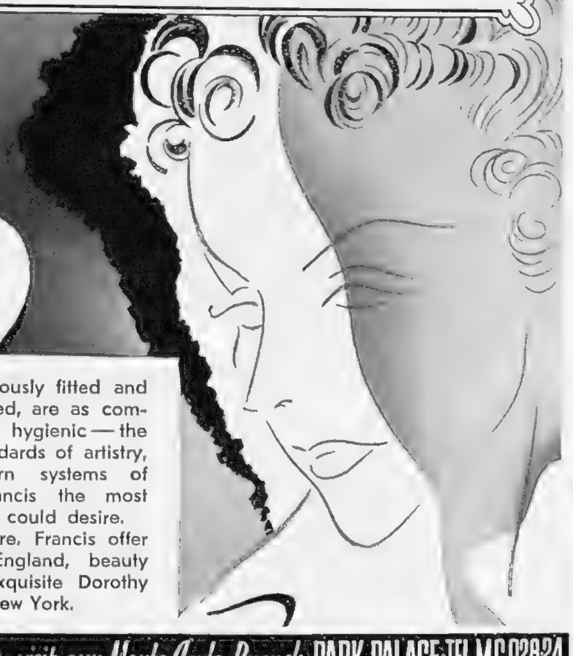

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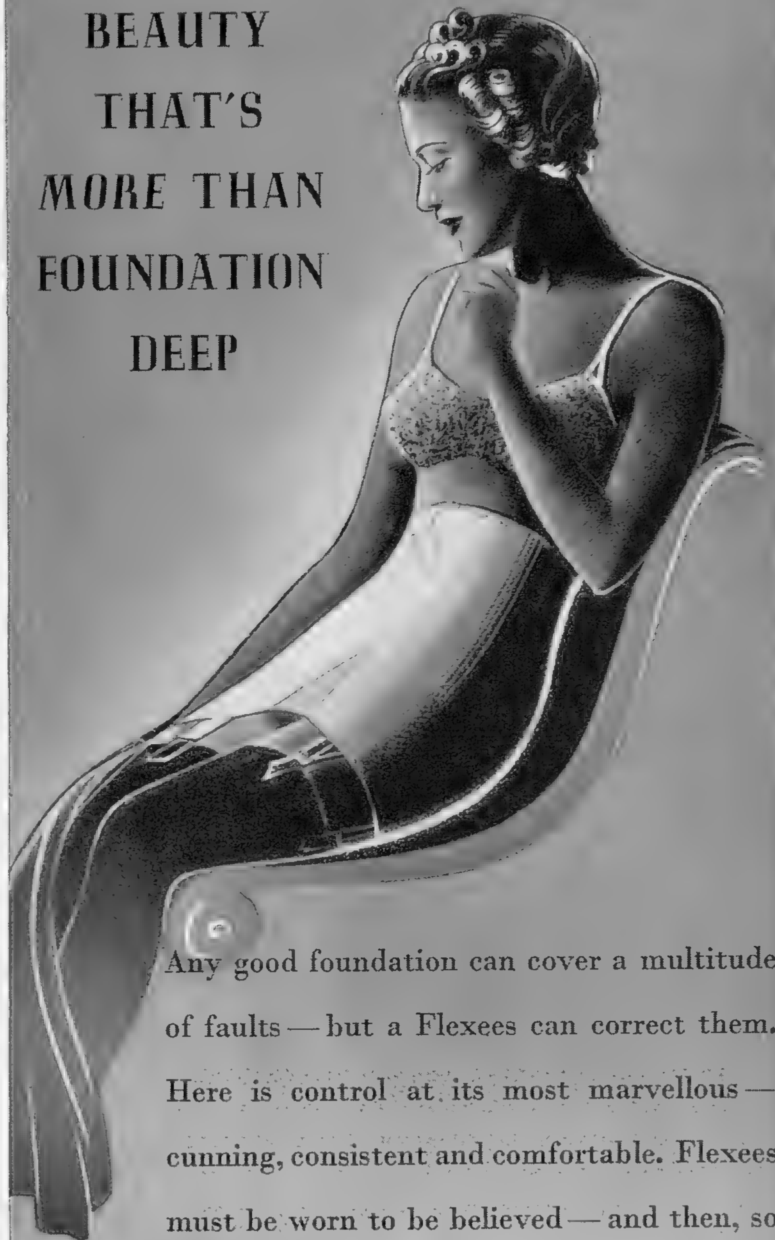

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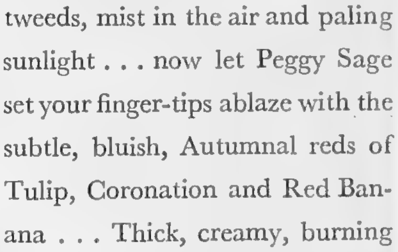

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER—(*Continued from Page 238.*)

who wore no gloves had the same red finger-nails, as though they had been scratching rivals.

Mr. Masefield's satire is certainly very fierce, and, expressed in the wonderfully crisp, limpid, and vivid prose which makes the whole book a delight to read, it goes direct to its mark. But one thing puzzled me: how does the author reconcile his hero's idealistic solicitude for the animal kingdom with his apparent callousness towards the human race? No doubt it is cruel to hunt foxes; but is it altogether admirable, or humanitarian, to make a large fortune out of the invention, manufacture, and sale of guns?

"The Sailor's Holiday." Nearly everything Mr. Eric Linklater writes is written in a holiday mood, and his latest book could hardly be more carefree in spirit. Gaiety and sailors have always been associated; and where could we look for gaiety with more certainty of finding it than in a sailor's holiday? Paid off from the *Trojan* by its martinet captain, the amiable hero, Henry Tippus, has a little money and the whole of England to spend it in. He will not return to the sea, he declares; he will take up farming with his rich uncle. His shipmates do not believe him, and, indeed, as the story proceeds, we find it increasingly difficult to believe anything that Henry says. Sailors are not only associated with gaiety, but with yarns, and Henry's picaresque

The HON. RICHARD LYGON, *younger son of Earl Beauchamp, was recently elected as President of the Malvern and District Darts League. He is to run a darts competition at the 18th annual Christmas Market to be held at the Dorchester Hotel on November 15 and 16 in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.*

progress over the English countryside is punctuated with tall stories. Like many other people, he cannot accept an anecdote passively; he must always hit back, he must always go one better; and some of his tales testify rather to his spirit of emulation than his gift as a *raconteur*. But some of them, especially the more fantastic, have real imagination and the quality of bringing before us legendary and romantic happenings in remote parts of the world.

A Rolling Stone. When not engaged in charming a bar-parlour with his silver tongue, Henry wanders about, offering his services here and there, finding himself in positions as false as the pretences which had involved him in them. He picks up a stray lap-dog in the Park and tries to sell it, thus landing himself in the cells; he lectures a girls' school on the nationalisation of wives; he acts as salesman for the "Little Beauty" washing-machine; he takes the fancy of the learned savant, Mr. Slazenger, swaps stories with him, and helps in the interminable task of rearranging his library. He lends a hand in the kidnapping (for love, not lucre) of a Christian Scientist colonel's temporarily bed-ridden daughter. He meets, as the heroes of picaresque novels nearly always do, a number of eccentric, misanthropic, irascible, elderly men. He even falls in love—and here Mr. Linklater departs a little both from his own custom and from the convention of this kind of novel; for there is real tenderness in Henry's feeling for Molly, enough to make the reader hope—but there! Even sailors' holidays must come to an end. I enjoyed Mr. Linklater's fantasy. It is slighter, quieter, more romantic and less sensational than the books we associate with Juan, and less uproariously funny. It shows the author in what is for him an idyllic mood. I found it pleasant to read, though not impossible to put down.

"Loving Memory." This is a long short story, or novelette, with a good central idea. Richard Helder lost his wife, Simone, in a motor accident; they had been married twelve years, and never had he ceased to love and be in love with her. He had been guilty of infidelity once: and this he admitted to her. What, then, was his surprise, on reading her diary, to find that for ten years of their life together she believed that he was simultaneously living with another woman. Into the wild regret he felt for her, another feeling now entered: resentment, almost rage, that she could have so misjudged him. At the same time, his loving memory of her strove to reassert itself and absorb the poison that was killing it. His inward ferment made him a touchy, not to say disagreeable companion, as the two women who tried to comfort him discovered. But Mrs. Creighton, when she had duly protested against the impertinence of his censure of her private life, won through to the genuine feeling that underlay his bearishness.

The HON. VALERIE MANSFIELD, *only daughter of Lord and Lady Sandhurst, is engaged to Viscount Parker, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Macclesfield.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

This is a well-written story, with vivid glimpses of European crises as seen through the eyes of newspaper correspondents attached to the League of Nations. But it has one considerable improbability: how could an intelligent man like Helder have spent twelve years

[*Continued overleaf.*

The engagement of MISS ELEANOR J. SOTHERON-ESTCOURT, *younger daughter of Captain E. and Mrs. Sotheron-Estcourt, of Estcourt, Tetbury, Glos., to Mr. Philip S. Morris-Keating, Royal Horse Guards, younger son of the late Colonel T. H. P. Morris, M.C., the Rifle Brigade, and of Mrs. Rex Osbourne, Crudewell Court, Malmesbury, Wilts, was recently announced.*

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Continued.]
with Simone and not realised what an unpleasant woman she was? It is hard to see how he could have cherished a "loving memory" of such a woman.

"The Elephant Never Forgets." Miss White's almost unique skill in harrying her heroines is shown to great advantage in "The Elephant Never Forgets." It gains additional power from the slow piling-up of one small misfortune on another, until the cumulative effect is one of terror, almost of hysteria. Each accident is itself so small, each separate strand of the web so thin, that the illusion of encirclement is complete, and we know exactly what the fly feels when it has walked into the spider's parlour, and vainly strives to disengage itself. More than once the terrible nightmare seems to be on the point of dissolving; more than once the normal and the safe are within an ace of dispersing the miasma of fear and peril. Miss White holds a wonderfully delicate balance between everyday experience and those trackless wastes into which terror drives the mind, and this latest story is an excellent example of her disturbing art.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Square Peg, or The Gunfella. By John Masefield. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
The Sailor's Holiday. By Eric Linklater. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
Loving Memory. By James Hill. (*Collins; 6s.*)
The Elephant Never Forgets. By Ethel Lina White. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, OCTOBER 27.

ACROSS.—3. Scarlet. 9. Rambler. 10. Tints. 11. Rosebud. 12. Generic. 14. Ideal. 15. Exit. 16. Nudes. 19. Sod. 20. Ceded. 23. Tremor. 25. Parade. 26. Numeral. 27. Epigee. 30. Pylons. 31. Sunny. 32. Nut. 34. Galop. 36. Bear. 38. Sport. 40. Matelot. 41. Locusts. 42. Ripen. 43. Iterate. 44. Defects.

DOWN.—1. Latex. 2. Ablet. 3. Serin. 4. Crocus. 5. Reefed. 6. Etui. 7. Tiddler. 8. Strayed. 12. Gentles. 13. Ninepin. 17. Doleful. 18. Honey. 20. Calyx. 21. Damosel. 22. Dessert. 24. Rue. 25. Pap. 28. Pumpkin. 29. Gnarled. 32. Nature. 33. Tomtit. 35. Pasts. 36. Berry. 37. Aorta. 39. Tone.

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"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Unlimited laughter.

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"RHAPSODY ON ICE" (Covent Garden). 6.15 and 9.—Ballet on skates, with Maria Belita.

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A big musical spectacle.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, in a double triangular drama.

"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—Brilliant ice spectacle, with gold medallist performers.

"THE LAST STRAW" (Comedy). 8.30.—A man-in-a-trunk thriller. Fine acting by Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Priestley psychology; Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in solution of sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—Adventures of Marion Lorne.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" (Carlton).—Paul Muni in a real-life drama vividly reconstructed.

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN" (Curzon).—Sacha Guitry's tri-lingual historical romance.

"A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli).—Success and failure in Hollywood. A Technicolor picture, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—A witty experiment in story-telling by Sacha Guitry.

"G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD (Studio One).—A gay and charming musical romance from Vienna.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook in an impressive chronicle of a great reign.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (Studio One).—Life on a lonely Scottish island.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR" (London Pavilion).—A drama of escape and pursuit in revolutionary Russia, starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich.

"NITCHEVO" (Berkeley).—Harry Baur in a French submarine drama.

"STELLA DALLAS" (Regal).—A famous "mother-love" story with Barbara Stanwyck in the title-rôle.

"JERICHO" (New Gallery).—More musical and African adventures for Paul Robeson.

"OH, MR. PORTER" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—The hilarious adventures of a stationmaster, starring Will Hay.

"EBB TIDE" (Plaza).—Fine Technicolor treatment in a tale of the South Seas.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

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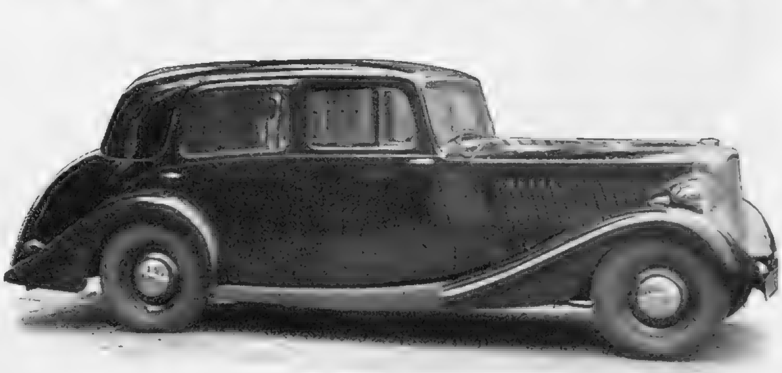

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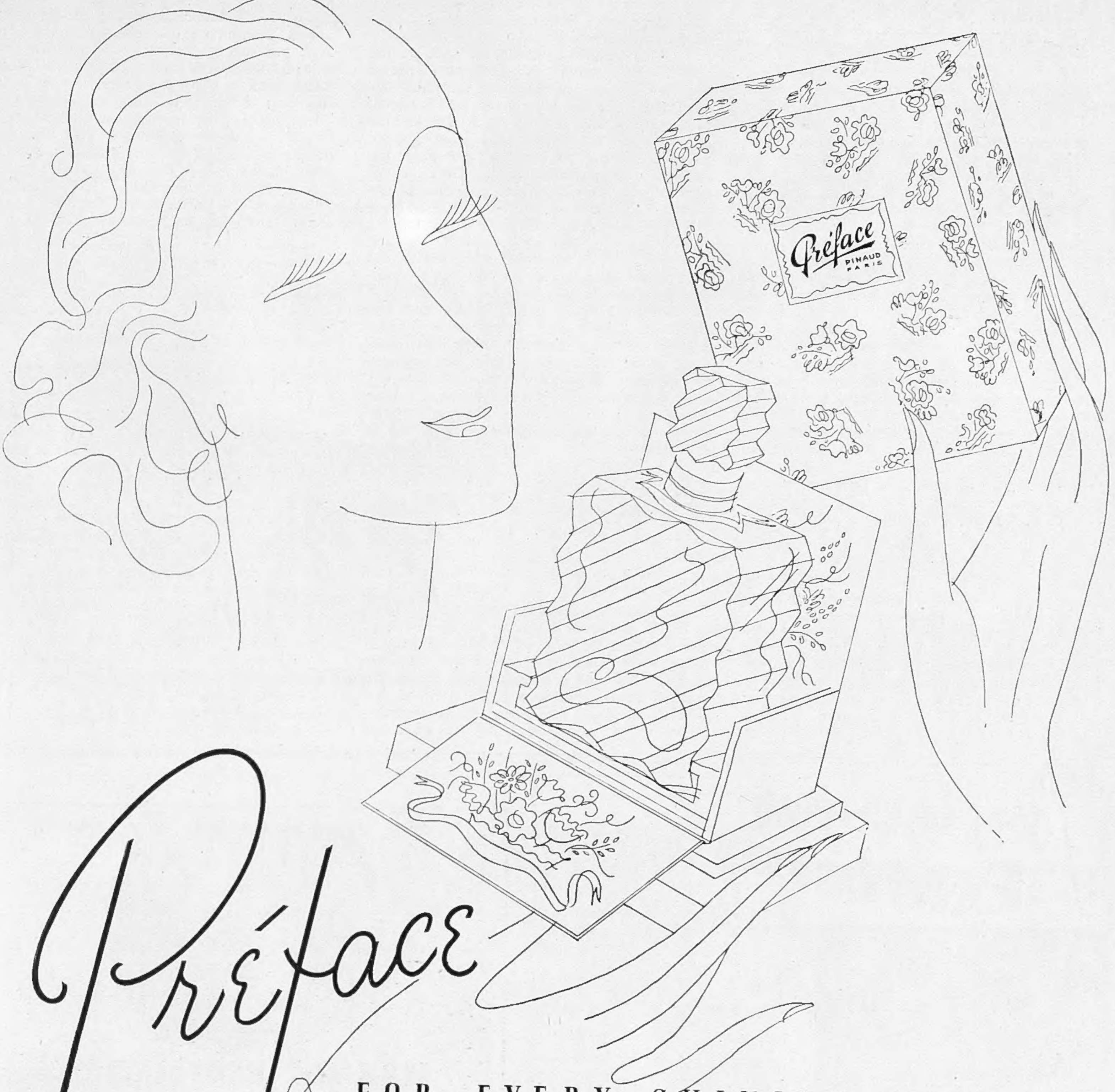

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXIII.

ALL GOLDEN RULES ARE NOT GILT-EDGED!

IT has been pointed out before in these notes that many of the Golden Rules laid down for the play at bridge are not gilt-edged. Perhaps the outstanding example of this is the rule that says: "Always cover an honour with an honour"; if the rule read: "Never cover, etc.", it would be an equally good rule. The reason for this is that our Golden Rule makers insisted on looking upon the play at bridge as the same, or very nearly the same, anyhow, as the play at whist; it has taken them many years to discover (some have not seen this yet) that, although the two games, so far as the actual play of the cards goes, are very much alike, the fact that one hand is exposed, makes all the difference between what is sound at whist, and what is sound at bridge. Now let us just consider "never finesse against your partner," and "always lead up to weakness," in which may be incorporated the rule, "always return your partner's lead." Well, you never should finesse against your partner; this is a 100-per-cent. good rule, and should never be departed from. Look—

(1)
B
Q.
Y Z.—x, x, x.
A
A, x, x.

(2)
B
x.
Y Z.—x, x, x.
A
K, Kn, x.

In each case, Y is playing the hand. (1) B led the queen, and A does not put up the ace. That finesse is bad for at least three reasons: (*a*) it is just silly; (*b*) it deceives partner, who must place the ace in Y's hand; and (*c*) it gives declarer (Y) run of the play, for he must hold the king, to say nothing of the fact that that king may be a singleton. When A holds ace, x only of the suit, the silliness of not putting the ace on the queen is more marked. I am not trying to make out that hundreds of hands could be manufactured on which the hold-up of the ace would not be beneficial, but you can take it from me in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that play is fatal, and should never be made. (2) A plays the knave to his partner's lead. That play is equally silly, for again his partner is deceived as to the position of the king (indeed, the play tells him the king is in Y's hand); and if Y only holds the queen of the suit, that card will be caught if A wins with the king and returns the knave. But again I confess many hands could be manufactured on which the knave finesse would save the situation. None the less, *never* finesse against partner. There are occasions, however, when what looks like a finesse, and indeed is called a finesse, against partner, must be made. The play of course, on these occasions is not a finesse against partner at all—it is a finesse in his favour! As in this case—

A
Clubs—5.
Y Z Spades—K, x, x.
Hearts—K, x, x.
Clubs—x, x.
Diamonds.—K, Q, Kn, x, x.
B
Spades—x, x, x. Clubs—A, Q, x.
Hearts—x, x, x, x. Diamonds—A, x, x.

Y has made a contract of three no-trumps. A leads the five of clubs. Here B must assume (and hope) that A has led from a five-suit of clubs; he must also assume (and it is a near certainty) that he has no card of entry, therefore B plays the queen of clubs at trick one, when Y, if he holds it, is pretty well bound to win with the king. Then B wins a diamond trick, leads ace and his other club, and saves game, unless Y can run off nine tricks anyhow. If B puts up his ace of clubs at trick one, Y will hold up the king till the third round, when B cannot put his partner in to make his good clubs. This play, although obviously it may lose not only a trick or two, but also game, should always be made, but do remember, it is not finessing *against* your partner; it is finessing *for* him!

The futility of those rules, "always return your partner's lead," and "always lead up to weakness," is exemplified in this hand—

Spades—x, x. Clubs—x, x.
Hearts—Q, Kn, 10, 9, x. Diamonds—10, 9, x, x.
A
Spades—A, K, Q. Spades—x, x, x, x.
Hearts—A, 8, x, x. Y Z Hearts—x, x.
Clubs—10, x. Clubs—K, Q, Kn, x, x.
Diamonds—Q, Kn, 8, 7. Diamonds—A, x.
B
Spades—Kn, x, x, x. Clubs—A, x, x, x.
Hearts—K, x. Diamonds—K, x, x.

Y is playing at three no-trumps. A leads the queen of hearts, which B very correctly overtakes with the king and wins the trick. Now, if he returns his partner's suit, Y, when he wins a heart trick, will establish dummy's (Z's) clubs, enter that hand with the ace of diamonds, and make three spades, one heart, four clubs and a diamond. On the bidding it is a card certainty that Y has the ace of hearts, and is holding it up at trick one, and B should see that, before trying to establish his partner's suit, he must kill dummy's hand, so at trick two he leads the king of diamonds, and if that is allowed to win, he must lead another. In this way Y is held down to eight tricks. Note, on the bidding and the cards in view, this play, although it sacrifices a certain trick, can hardly lose.

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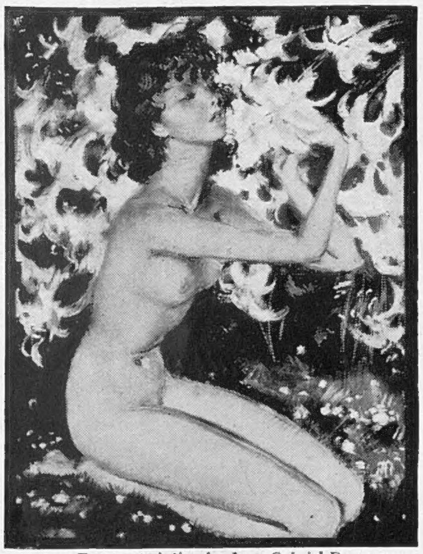

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"*I presume you refer, Sir, to the Lucky Alphonso. I understood you to say, Sir, that you'd shot it yourself in the foothills of Pimlico.*"

"So *that's* what it is? For the moment I felt quite uneasy. Such a shock is very bad for me this morning. Might easily be fatal. Worst hangover I've experienced since I reached the age of discretion."

"*I gather, Sir, that gin and lime was not your staple beverage throughout the evening.*"

"What of it? No use holding post mortems at this time of the day."

"*On the contrary, Sir, if I may say so, Rose's Lime Juice has a therapeutic action which renders hangovers null and void. It strangles them at birth, as you might say.*"

"Hawkins, is this true, or is it an old wives' tale?"

"*It is vouched for, Sir, by the nobility and gentry. I myself, Sir, have found it efficacious on occasion.*"

"Then get some at once. Get it now. Go and get it."

"*Very good, Sir. And the Lucky Alphonso?*"

"Give it decent burial. Present it to the British Museum. Do what you like with it. But for goodness sake get that *Rose's Lime Juice*."

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Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

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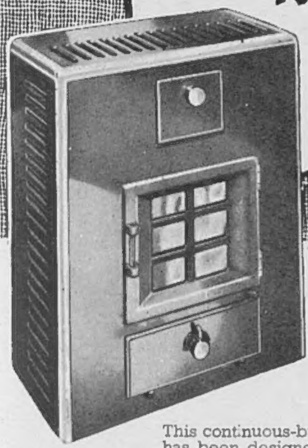

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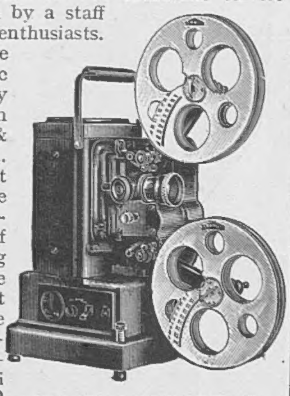

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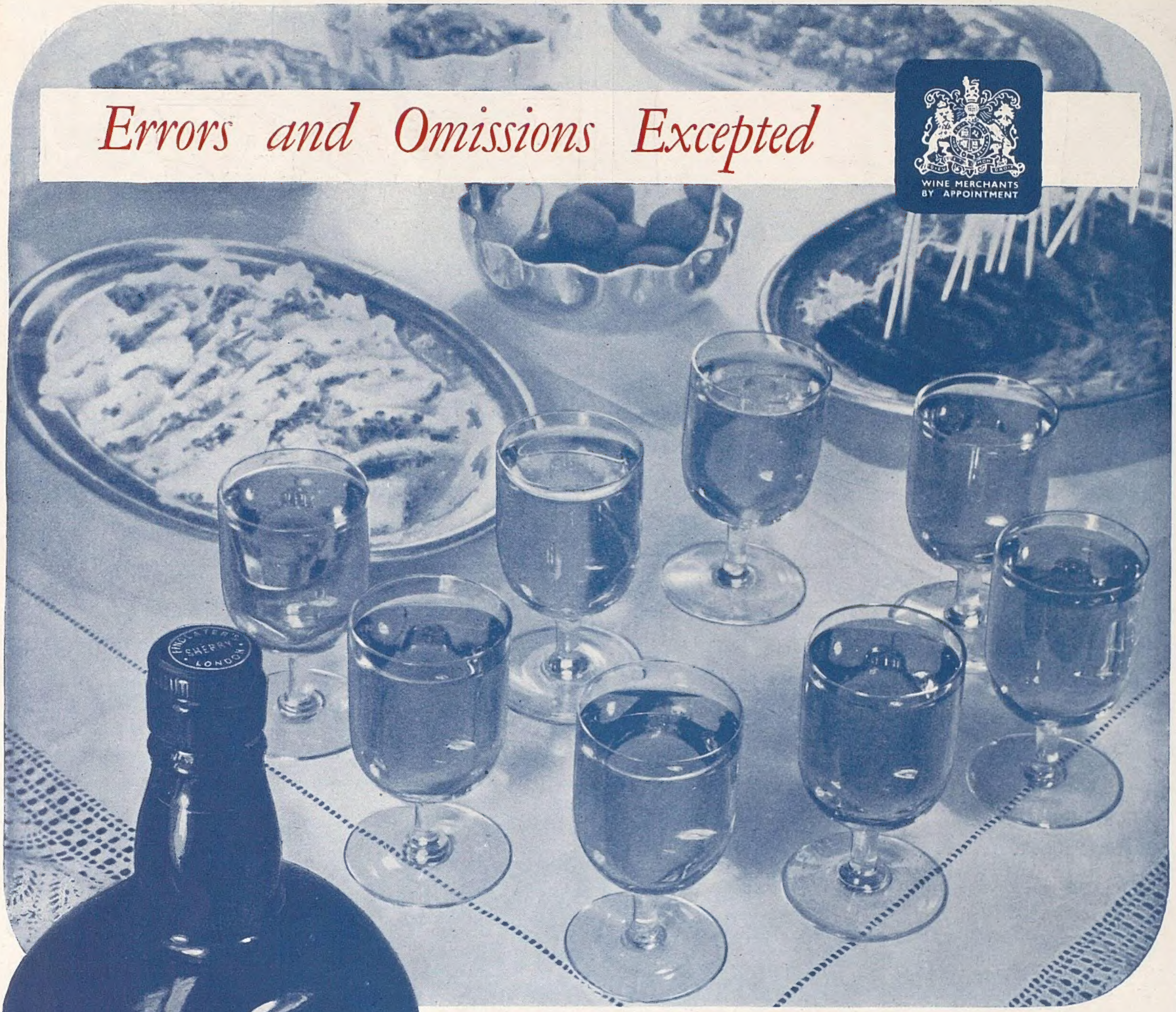

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